

MAN'S CONQUEST

NOV.
35¢

**BOOK
LENGTH
BONUS**

700 WOMAN ESCAPE-CHAIN OF PRISONER MOULIN

JUST DISCOVERED! DEVIL ISLAND'S
MOST SENSATIONAL TRUE STORY

THE LOVE-CULT ADMUSSEN BUILT

(California Called
Him "Mr. Sin")

22 DAYS WITHOUT LANDING
"...SEND UP MORE GAS!"

Unsung Saga of 1930's
Great Endurance Flight



Fighting
Frank Lahay's
One-Man War:

RAID of the BAMBOO BATTLESHIP

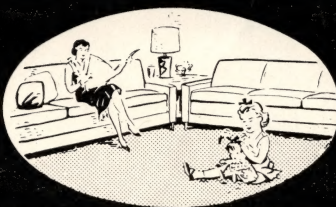
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Arlis Wilson of Tulsa says: "As a Duraclean Dealer I have the ideal setup. I am operating my own business, yet have at my disposal a staff of experienced men at Headquarters who will help me on a moment's notice."

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YOUR personal success is of the utmost importance to Headquarters, for as you grow so grows the Duraclean Dealer organization. Thus, your initial training is only the beginning of a continuous assistance program designed to build your business. When you contact Hdqtrs. you receive prompt, expert counsel from a staff of specialists. Some of the over 27 services you receive are conventions and regional conferences, new product development, trademark protection, sales letters, tested ads, local promotional materials, a monthly sales-building magazine, plus a host of others.

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What Dealers Say

W. Lookiebill (St. Louis): My 28th year! Began during depression and built business on good service.



D. Chilcott (N. Platte): Duraclean say gross \$9.00 per hour. I gross up to \$12.00. Many dealers do much better.



M. Lyons (Chgo): 3rd year should hit \$100,000; 2nd was \$60,000; 1st \$40,000. Hdqrs help make it possible.



E. Roddey (Hampton, Va.): Did \$600.00 first 12 days in January. My business keeps growing each month.



Start Part-Time If Employed

Even if you are now employed, you may start enjoying the financial independence of your OWN business. Many dealers start part-time, and as they expand their operation beyond what they can service on a sparetime basis, they switch to full-time. Later they expand further by hiring servicemen. This could be your pattern for success.

You will receive local training with an established dealer and at our 5-day, 50-hour factory training school. Thus, under our guidance, you become an expert in the care of rugs and upholstery, a profession for which there is now great demand.

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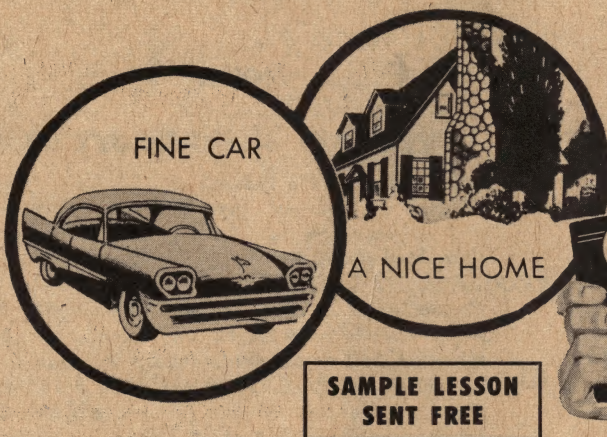
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MAN'S CONQUEST



COVER STORY: Few Americans still remember those dark days in 1942 when Hirohito's Navy, powerful and insolent after their stunning victory at Pearl Harbor, turned the Pacific Ocean into a Jap lake. Fewer still remember such lone heroes as Gunner's Mate Frank Lahay, who pulled himself out of the wreckage of the U.S.S. *Houston* and, sailing a matchstick sampan manned by a crew of hell-bent survivors, taught the enemy the terrible meaning of revenge. Turn to page 36 for the incredible saga of Lahay's Java Sea raiders in "Unsung Rampage of the Bamboo Battleship."

NOVEMBER, 1959

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MAN'S CONQUEST is published monthly by Hanro Corp., 441 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at Rockville, Maryland. Vol. 5, No. 4, November, 1959. Copyright ©, 1959 by Hanro Corp., 35c per copy. Subscription \$4.00 per year, Canada \$5.00, foreign \$6.00. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or pictures. Printed in the U.S.A.

This story actually happened. The man's name has been changed and this is not his photograph, but the facts are true.

"Your name is on the list"



Doug Mott was not surprised. The recession was on and the assembly line where he worked was almost at a standstill.

And then, strangely, the boss began to smile. "You know how the Engineering Department sends us blueprints and then we have to send them back for revision because they just aren't practical to produce?" Doug nodded . . . wondering. "That's waste . . . and we can't allow it to continue. That's why we thought that if we had a man who knew assembly and production — and drafting, too — he could act as liaison man between engineering and production. You know production, Doug . . . and you're studying drafting with I.C.S. You've got a *new* job. Congratulations!"

Doug Mott now heads a drafting room. But he will never forget the day his name was on the list to be laid off.

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MAN'S CONQUEST

Letters to the Editor



MORRELL'S MADNESS



"The October issue was one of your best . . . and I've been reading MAN'S CONQUEST for quite a number of years now. My personal favorite was 'Morrell's Madness' by Joe Chamberlain . . . a truly great and off-beat Foreign Legion yarn. I mean the real Legion, the one that right now is fighting the toughest, bloodiest war since Korea . . . against the fanatical Algerian nationalists."

R.D.

New Brunswick, N. J.

"Naturally there was a lot of interest around here in the article on Montreal-born Edmond Morrell, the Foreign Legion volunteer who was destroyed by his *grand passion* for an Algerian rebel dancing girl. . . . An excellent study of a man torn between his sense of duty and a fatal, irresistible physical infatuation . . . But I'm afraid the author has a mistaken impression of us French-Canadians. We are Canadians, first, last and always. We have no more ties to France than a Latin American has to Spain. Many of us deeply sympathize with the Algerian rebels' aspirations to freedom and independence. Morrell doubtless felt a strong attachment to his outfit and to his Legionnaire comrades, but it is most unlikely that a Canadian from the French-speaking province of Quebec would have such a strong, almost mystical devotion to *La Belle France*."

E.V.

Terrebonne, Quebec, Canada

"It may be hard for those who have never been to North Africa to understand Legionnaire Morrell's 'madness' . . . but anyone who has lived there can see how he became so hopelessly involved

with his native dancing girl. Those Arab women have a kind of ripe feminine sensuality—and at the same time a soft submissiveness—that makes them powerfully attractive, particularly to men like Morrell . . . who have only known the hard, superficial Western women."

L.W.G.

Venice, Calif.

NAKED WARRIORS

"I know most Americans don't think too highly of the fighting capacities of the Italian soldier and sailor . . . particularly after Ernest Hemingway's picture of their disastrous defeat by the Austrians at Caporetto in his 'Farewell to Arms.' That's why I want to congratulate you on Eric Greywood's 'Ride of the Naked Warriors' in your October issue. I was an ambulance driver during the First World War with the same outfit Hemingway belonged to—the famed American Field Service . . . I too was present at the Battle of Caporetto. Certainly the Italian forces were completely routed at first. But the way they turned total defeat and headlong flight into a orderly retreat along a stable line of resistance . . . would be a credit to any army in the world, including our own."

C.C.

Key West, Fla.

"Thank you for . . . that excellent article on Rossetti and Paolucci, the world's first 'frogmen.' I myself was a young kid in the Italian Navy's early submarine service during the Great War. I'll never forget October 31, 1918—only 11 days before the Armistice—when Rossetti and Paolucci sneaked their torpedo into Pola harbor and blew up, not one, but two of the Austrians' capital ships, the battleship *Viribus Unitis* and the heavy cruiser *Wien*. We all felt that the two heroes had avenged the terrible defeat our army suffered at Caporetto in 1917."

R. D'A.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAD-END ISLAND

"I had to laugh when I read Tom Lang's account of his visit to Maniliki, the island prison where women offenders against the strict Polynesian sexual code are exiled—from men (*October*, RETURN TO DEAD-END ISLAND). Did you know that when Captain Cook first discovered the Tonga Islands in 1773, he

called them the 'Friendly Islands'? The Maniliki girls don't sound so friendly."

G.L.

St. Joseph, Mo.

"Where is this 'Dead-End Island' where the girl prisoners are so man-hungry they're dangerous? If they're as beautiful and love-starved as your writer says, I'd like to take a crack at the place myself . . . I've checked my atlas and all I can find is a *Manihiki* Island. But the writer says the natives call it *Maniliki*, with an 'I'. What gives?"

W.J.

Warren, Ohio

No error by writer Tom Lang. Both islands are part of the Tonga Group. In fact, *Manihiki* or *Humphrey Island*, is a group of 12 coral islets due east of Samoa. *Maniliki* or *Dead-End Island* is part of the outlying Vavau group of the Tongas. Confusion in spelling occurs frequently in Pacific because primitive Polynesian languages use very few syllables and many words sound and are spelled similarly. —The Editor

GIRL-OF-THE-MONTH



"A few days after I carefully studied that fine six page spread on Loya Raki, your October Girl, I read that she's up for the lead in a new Broadway show. Glad to see she's getting on so fast!"

F.H.

Bayonne, N. J.

All our girls move fast. That's why it pays to keep an eye on them.

—The Editor

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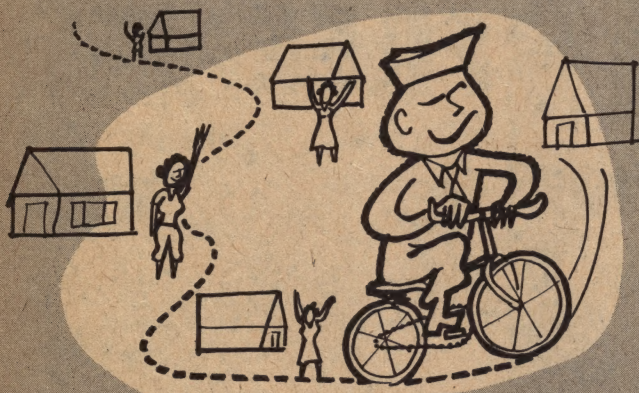
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GI LOWDOWN

OVERSEAS GI'S WITH HAREM COMPLEXES and not enough dough to indulge their lusts are haunting the youth hostels when on leave. Those stationed in Europe hire a bike and



pedal from one hostel to another, pick up a different doll at each spot. Some of the more industrious GI's report they've squeezed a dozen different dames into a week's leave. . . . Pentagon research chiefs have leaked the news they are experimenting with what they call a "DEATH RAY" TO DOWN INVADING MISSILES AND BOMBERS. . . . A group of legislators on Formosa are pushing A LAW TO RATION MISTRESSES for lonely fighting men--both American and Chinese--who, on leave, can't line up their own gals. Wanna' make them gifts of the state. . . . Chemical Corps vets claim the U.S. has nerve and laughing gases, BACTERIA BOMBS THAT ARE MORE EFFECTIVE THAN A-OR H-BOMBS. Say they spread over a wider area and miss nobody. . . By the way, just in case you were wondering, U. S. railroads have just renewed, until June, 1960, their pledge to permit the customary cut-rate fare to military personnel traveling in uniform at their own expense. After that, it's anybody guess. . . . Dame ratings: Formosa duty still considered top-priority choice, because of femme setup. YOU CAN BUY AN 18-YEAR-OLD DOLL FROM HER PARENTS FOR AS LITTLE AS \$25, and she's yours; every last livin' inch of her, for your whole tour. All you have to do is foot her room and board bill--about \$9.50 a month. . . . OLD ARMY MEN--AND CONGRESSMEN, TOO--FLIPPING THEIR LIDS over frills proposed for new Bong Air Force Base at Kansasville, Wis., which includes 64 x 85-foot swimming pool; an elaborate gymnasium with squash court; massage room and steam baths; a hobby

shop for woodworking, radio, hi-fi and camera bugs; and a six-lane bowling alley. . . . A couple of inventions sorely needed by military: a method of keeping bread from hardening and an insect repellent that can be built into clothing. . . .

MEDICAL MARCH

Although there's no CURE FOR BALDNESS, doctors have, through some neat sleuthing, discovered that one cause can be eliminated. That is, the cheap nylon and bristle brushes which are trimmed sharp at the ends and actually dig and slice hair out by the roots. They suggest using only brushes with rounded bristles. . . . Fat on the frame will knock a good 10 years off the average Joe's life, but don't believe the old legend that little men live longer than tall ones. Statistics show that HEIGHT HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH HOW LONG YOU CAN FIGURE ON LIVING. . . . When Russian scientists visit the U.S. later this year, they promise to bring with them a razzle-dazzle MEDICAL DEVICE THAT INDUCES SOUND, COMFORTABLE SLEEP by passing



low frequency electrical impulses through a patient's head. . . . A worldwide survey of UN medicos has turned up this one: MEN WHO MARRY TEND TO LIVE LONGER THAN BACHELORS, despite all the added tensions marital bliss is supposed to visit on a mere male. . . . CANCER INDUCING AGENTS HAVE BEEN FOUND IN SOME WAXES USED ON MILK CARTONS. . . .

MOTOR TALK

In spite of all the hokey that's being peddled these days about women being safer drivers than men, the firm figures show that this is the straight poop: In a recent

(Continued on page 56)

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laugh at today's screwy world.

ONE FOOT OUT OF THE GRAVE

THERE was this character down in New Orleans recently who decided he was fed up with this vale of tears. Threw himself into the muddy Mississippi in an attempt to end it all, but every time he went down for the count, he'd bob back to the surface. Seems his cork leg kept him afloat until rescuers came to pull him, protesting wildly, out of the drink. Did you ever have a day like that? You know, when nothin' ever seemed to go right?

KINGSIZE LITTERBUG

ACROSS the pond in Sheffield, England, another unfortunate got himself fined a pound (\$3.36) for littering the streets. He got fed up with his broken down jalopy and abandoned it at the curb. Over here, they probably would have hit him with a tow-away charge on top of that.

WATCH OUT BELOW!

AGAIN on the foreign scene, a monetary report from Peru. Contrary to popular legend, *guano* is more precious to Peruvian Indians than gold. What they do with it besides fertilize their gardens is anybody's guess, since the stuff is actually droppings obtained from various bird sanctuaries along the coast. The government report has it that the primitives use it as a form of currency and that collecting it is a major Peruvian industry. We'd be tempted to observe that this is one hell of a way to make a living, if it weren't for the fact that we suspect the government report of being a lot of *guano*.

MUSICAL EXTRACTS

BACK in the home country where sanity reigns, but only on odd days of the week, a dentist reported the other day to the Massachusetts Dental Society that teeth were being pulled with no other pain killer than what he

called "audio analgesia." The patient puts on ear phones and selects his preference in music from a tape recorder. In addition to music, the recorder simultaneously transmits a noise much like the distant roar of Niagara Falls. Name of the tape? "Music to Get Your Molar Yanked By." What else?

BLIND RAGE

MEANWHILE, over in Merrie Old England, in the town of Atringham, this misguided young married was arraigned on charges of stabbing his neighbor's wife. He offered this explanation: "It was a mistake. I thought she was my wife." Seems the bloke was in such a hurry to do in his wife that he ran into the wrong house. Good God, what if he came home in a loving mood?

ALL IN FAVOR, SAY AYE

THOSE Germans got the right idea. Declared their first "Leave Us Alone Day," a while back. It was a full 24 hours set aside when the men of the country, young and old, forsook their jobs, wives, sweeties and mothers, and just went off to the local bistro, where they got themselves uproariously *plotzed* in good, solid masculine togetherness. If a dame showed up at a beer hall, she received a very ungentlemanly heave-ho. The news set us to thinkin'—maybe we could use a holiday like that over here. Say, once a week or so.

PIZZA PIE NEXT?

THINGS promise to get a mite sticky in the workers' paradise, where the Russkies have for years been poking fun at Americans for their gum chewing habit. A cookie manufacturer in Moscow is going to start manufacturing gum to fill the demand created by visiting Americans and imports from China.

STERLING IDEA

PROGRESS report: You know where there are more prostitutes per square bed than any place else in the world? Havana? Panama City? Naples? Beirut? Wrong! It's London, where there were only 10,800 of them in 1956 and 17,000 today. If you like statistics, that's one hooker out of every 530 London women. And, as one Member of Parliament put it, "If we could export them, we could balance the budget in a week."

DOGGONE BUSTOUT

DOWN in Waycross, Ga., prison security is a two-way street. Just a couple of weeks ago, the bloodhounds dug a hole under the fence and took off. The warden turned loose a pack of convicts with orders to hunt them down and bring them back. They did, too—the meatheads!

PARTY POOPER

SOME of these politicians are goin' just too damn far. For instance, a state senator has introduced into the Illinois legislature a bill that would make tavern owners display a "rogues gallery" of neighborhood habitual drunks and spendthrifts. Probably would have made it, too, if one alert lawmaker hadn't pointed out that the law would also apply to the state capitol.

CALLING HIS SHOTS

TWO years ago, in Cairo, Egypt, Abdel Messin el Makrouky, a hermit monk of uncertain sect, who had amassed a fortune as a self-styled prophet, foretold that he would someday meet his maker at the hands of an assassin. It took him a long time to prove his point, but last week he was found strangled and stabbed to death in a monastery where he vacationed in Upper Egypt. He was robbed of about 35,000 pounds (\$100,000).



DON'T BE HALF-TRAINED... BE A MASTER TECHNICIAN

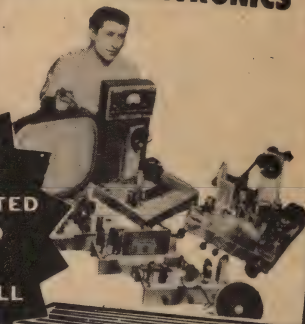
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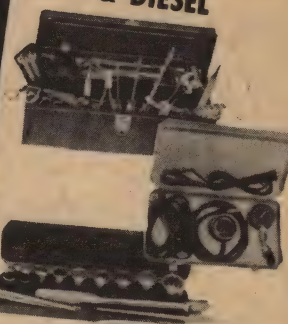
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11

The Evil Kingdom of
Edvaard Admussen—

Two appetites kept Admussen ticking: any kind of woman and any kind of money. How he parlayed both into a love-cult that swept the world still has people blushing.

LORD of the LIVING FLAME

Professional scoundrel Ed Admussen at about the time he jumped ship to put his fantastic plan into operation. All of Lower California still recalls him with fascination and fear.



by PETER
ELDRIDGE

■ ONCE in every year there comes an evening when the molten setting sun seems to rest on the crater of the Volcano of the Virgins that towers above the Mexican village of San Ignacio in Lower California.

The bonito fishermen who sail out of Guaymas and Porto Concepción swear that on this night the sun sinks into the crater itself, and that for hours afterward the jagged rim of the volcano is on fire with a golden flame.

On this night the *peons* of San Ignacio go to worship at vespers without the company of their unmarried daughters. For all virgins are forbidden to set so much as a foot outside the thresholds of their homes on the dread *noche del fenómeno*. And even their safely wedded sisters are quick to make the sign of the cross should they happen to glance—inadvertently, of course—at the Isle de San Marcos which rises from the heaving flanks of the California Gulf beyond the harbor.

It is more than 30 years now since Edvaard Admussen (known variously as the Lord of the Living Flame, Eddie Adkins, *Osiris* Reborn and the Waukegan Warlock) abruptly sailed away from the citadel of sin which he established on the heights of San Marcos Island. His disappearance (Continued on page 58)



On June 11, 1930—challenging all odds of chance—John and Ken Hunter pushed their puny plane into the air over Chicago: One month later, battling sleep, they were still flying—and hadn't landed once!



Lashed by 130 mph slipstream, Ken Hunter replaces engine bolt 5,000 feet over Chicago.



In 1930, the curtain rose on a fantastic seesaw battle between barnstorming pilots: Like "chain letters" and dance marathons, endurance flights took hold of the U.S. imagination to such an extent that glory and gold beckoned to any man who could fly. This is the story of one such flight—the attempt by Kenneth and John Hunter (left) to set a new world's record. —THE EDITOR

by FRANK O'HASSON

Brothers to Eagles

■ THE engine was definitely running rough now. The exhausted pilot looked at the dozing form of his brother, snatching a much-needed nap in the co-pilot's seat.

He leaned forward and flipped the magneto switch from "Both" to "R." The right engine didn't change its tone or beat. He flipped the switch one more notch to "L," and instantly the big Wright J-6 began to cough and sputter alarmingly.

Beside him in the dark cabin his brother came abruptly upright and wide awake. He threw the switch back to "Both," and the engine again became nearly even in its beat as it resumed turning the big Hamilton prop up front.

"Bad magneto on my side, Beans! Take over!"

"Beans" Hunter slid his feet into position on the rudder pedals and cast an expert eye over the bank of instruments on the panel in front of him. As his glance swept past the clock on the instrument panel, the clear luminous hands indicated the time.

2:40 a.m. It was June 20, 1930. He put the right wing down slightly and headed back over Chicago's Sky Harbor Airport.

Five thousand feet below in the darkness the lights of the Windy City winked brightly upward.

A cold rush of air hit the back of his neck as the cabin door opened and John Hunter, sans parachute, stepped out and worked forward on the six-inch-wide steel catwalk along the left nose of the big plane, carrying tools in one pocket and magneto parts in the other.

MORE

BROTHERS TO EAGLES



Hunter brothers added to their glory by becoming first men ever to broadcast from plane to home receivers. Microphone dangled by Army Lt. E. L. Moon did the trick (above). Below: Fuel hose from "Big Ben" snakes down to Stinson for 193rd. time.

For several minutes "Beans" flew on, while the man on the catwalk worked on the rear case of the engine. Suddenly, the Wright purred smoothly, and the tachometer picked up a good 50 revs. Beans grinned to himself and made a quick adjustment on the throttle.

Moments later the cabin door behind him opened again as John returned. He squeezed past Beans to resume his seat, and in the dim glow from the instruments he held up his thumb and fingers in the universal "o.k." sign of airmen.

The big ship droned on into the night, the ghostly illumination from the navigation lights dimly reflecting the tall white letters, "City of Chicago" on the fuselage.

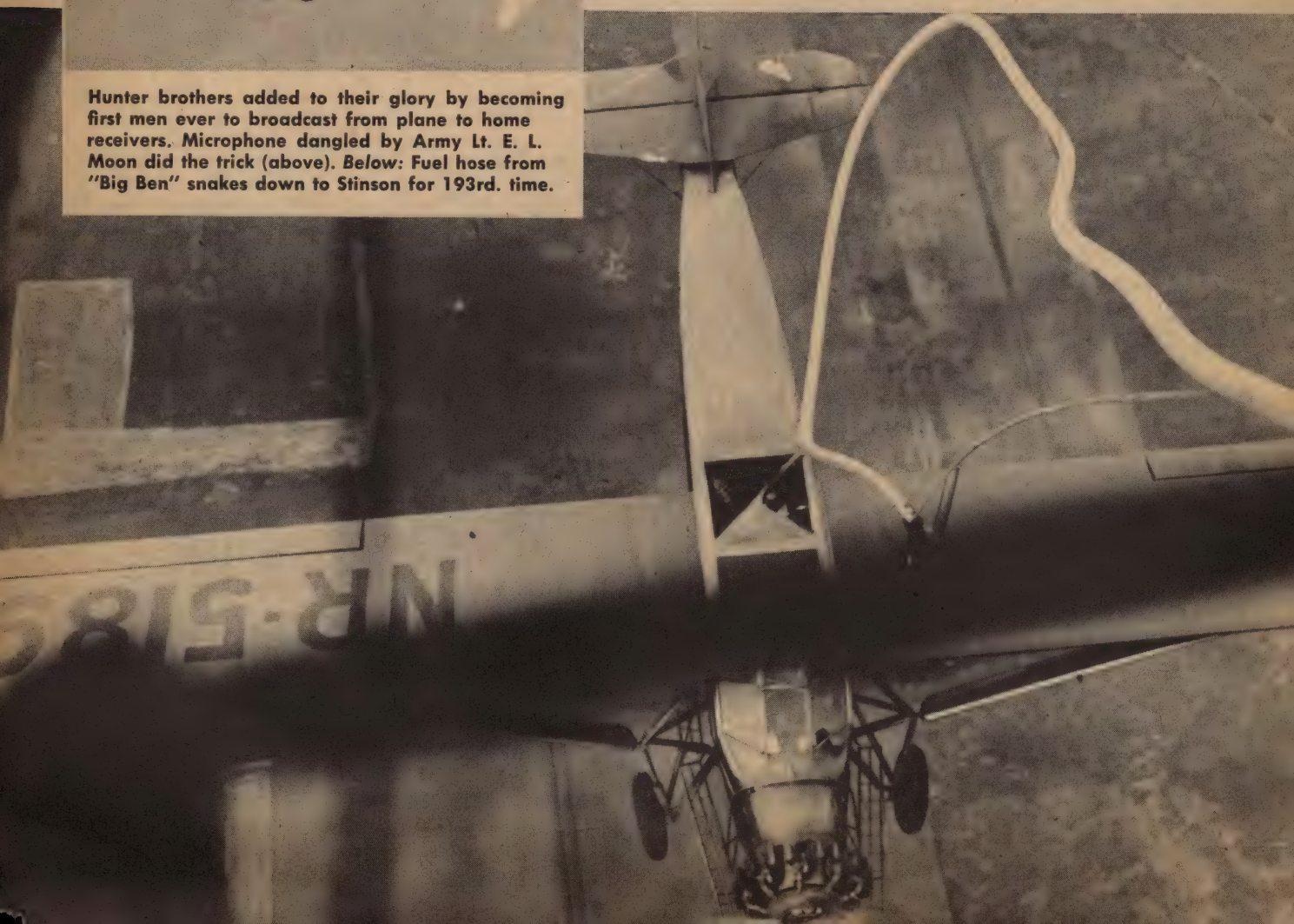
It had been 200 hours since take off, 200 long, grueling hours, punctuated with trips out on the catwalks to service the engine, trips to the rear hatch to stand up in the prop blast and grab desperately at the refueling hose nozzle as it hung down in a long arc from "Big Ben," the Stinson fueling plane their two brothers flew above them.

And 200 hours of no real sleep. Just cat-naps in the seat, with the constant murmur of the big Wright engine barely below the thin layer of consciousness.

Two hundred hours . . .

The lights in the big hangar had been blazing all night. Now, as dawn crept up the eastern sky, the activity around the two waiting planes showed no sign of let-up.

One Stinson sat with all the engine cowlings standing on edge around it while two men on ladders hung over the interior, assorted wrenches in their hands. They talked in low tones while a mechanic stood waiting at the foot of one ladder.



The other ship looked as though major surgery was in progress. The left cabin door was completely missing, and hanging out and strung back along the floor—like a black intestine—a long rubber hose terminated in a big nozzle.

Four men were grouped around the hose. One of them squatted down holding the nozzle in his big hand. Thoughtfully, he clicked the trigger up and down. The other three men waited silently. Finally satisfied, Albert Hunter rose to his feet. Kenneth, (nicknamed "Beans"), John, and Walter Hunter looked at him.

"She looks o.k. to me!"

The four Hunter brothers were nearly ready to launch their assault on the world record for endurance in flight. Six years of barnstorming at fairs and small towns, selling rides and putting on acrobatic exhibitions had been pointing to this joint effort, and take-off time was almost here.

Back in 1924, after only three hours of instruction, John had flown an old Hisso Standard home from St. Louis and gingerly set it down on an alfalfa field on the family farm at Sparta, Illinois.

Promptly, with the confident courage of inexperience, he went about the job of teaching each of his three brothers to fly.

Now, in 1930, they were seasoned veterans and expert pilots, every one. The years of stunting, getting in and out of postage-stamp fields, and instructing green flying students had thoroughly toughened them. If this attempt on the record failed, it wouldn't be through inexperience or lack of guts.

It would have to be through a trick of fate too monstrous to consider, or a mechanical break-down impossible to anticipate in advance.

All day long the preparations proceeded. Pilots and students temporarily released from their own flying came to stand in the open hangar doors and watch the activity. Finally, about 3:00 p.m., the "City of Chicago" was pushed onto the t'line and the big Wright J-6 roared into life. Beans and John were in the cockpit, listening intently to every tick of the smoothly turning engine. About 4:00 p.m., after numerous huddles, there was a final flurry of activity.

Beans and John disappeared into the hangar to don fresh clothes. Albert and Walter fussed around the ship like mother hens until the two younger men reappeared. They climbed in, revved up the engine, and finally leaned out the cabin windows and waved.

The chocks were pulled, and the orange and blue ship wheeled slowly around and waddled to the runway end.

The prop blurred as the Wright J-6 took up the heavy beat of full throttle, and the "City of Chicago" hurtled down the runaway and thundered upward.

It was 4:40 p.m., June 11, 1930. The big endurance flight was on.

In 1930, the nation was less than a year away from the historic "Black Tuesday" of October, the previous year, when the Wall Street avalanche had slipped into the abyss with a crash heard in every market place the world over.

But, curiously enough, the depression that followed was to provide the greatest impetus that flying was ever to know.

The first air-to-air refueling in aviation history had been accomplished just seven short years earlier by two lumbering Army Air Service De Havillands at Rockwell Field, Coronado, California. An obscure Major by the name of H. H. "Hap" Arnold, had fought like a tiger for permission to accomplish this historic "first."

Several refueling contacts during the day resulted in a record 23 hours and 52 minutes aloft.

On New Years Day, 1929, in a big yellow and black Fokker Trimotor, "The Question Mark," another Major named Carl "Toohey" Spaatz stood upright in the hatchway on top of the ship and grabbed a gasoline hose out of the roaring slip-stream—in order to refuel his plane in mid-air.

Hanging grimly to Spaatz's knees was Lt. Elwood Quesada. And up front, Cap. Ira Eaker sat narrowly watching the tanker ship overhead, floating the Fokker up and down on the air swells in closely matching rhythm.

When "The Question Mark" touched down, these future Generals had lived upstairs for a record 150 hours, 40 minutes.

The curtain was up on a fantastic see-saw contest of record breaking flights never equalled in aviation before or since.

In May of 1929, at Fort Worth, Texas, R. L. Robbins and James Kelley raised the time bar another notch to 172 hours and 32 minutes, almost a full day longer upstairs.

In July of that year, at Cleveland, Ray Mitchell and Byron Newcomb pushed it a scant two hours further to 174 hours and 59 minutes, but their triumph was to be a short one.

Before their engine had time to cool, at Culver City in California, L. W. Mendell and R. B. Reinhart, flying "The Angeleno," pegged the new record at 206 hours and 43 minutes. Another day and a half to shoot at!

An interested public watched the race closely. News editors everywhere welcomed this not-so-grim diversion and ran every bit of copy available. The endurance flight contest was changing from a military exercise to a public entertainment. Itinerant pilots searched hungrily for sponsors to foot their gasoline and oil bills. Aircraft and engine manufacturers encouraged and promoted each attempt.

On July 13, 1929, Dale Jackson and Forest O'Brine took off from Lambert Field in St. Louis only one day after "The Angeleno" touched down, flying a Curtiss Robin equipped with a Challenger radial engine.

When the "St. Louis Robin" settled in for a landing 420 hours and 21 minutes later, the endurance flight had moved into the major leagues. The record was now so high that—like an old tobacco trademark—it was labeled, "For experienced pilots only, amateurs need not apply!"

Within the year, four other attempts to crack the record set at St. Louis had failed.

When the Hunter brothers lifted their big plane into the sky above Chicago in mid-summer of 1930, the country was just facing up to the Great Depression. Wry acceptance of wiped out fortunes, Wall Street "Brodies," and production and job cutbacks were the order of the day.

The nation took the first hitch in its belt, looked around, and found the sun still shining.

The bitter years of jobless men, street corner apple magnates, and endless soup lines were yet ahead. Like a hangover, some of the what-the-hell attitude of the Roaring Twenties still persisted.

The endurance flight, like chain letters, dance marathons, and the yo-yo, had firmly caught the fancy of the nation.

The trickle of news concerning the Hunters' flight swelled to a stream, and the stream to a roaring cataract. By the time John Hunter climbed out on the catwalk in the middle of the night (Continued on page 64)

The Coming of Age of JEREMIAH ADKINS

Big Louie sized up the young trapper and figured he had another sucker. Just feed him whisky, give him an Indian girl—then steal his pelts. But the thieving trader forgot he was dealing with a Mountain Man.

by LLOYD STEPHENS



It was early May of 1837 when Jeremiah Adkins, a tall, rawboned Vermont farm youth, crossed the South Pass onto the twisting trail which led through the foothills of the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming. His two Indian ponies were loaded with 200 pounds of beaver pelts and his heavy traps.

All through the bitter-cold winter of 1836-37, Jeremiah, who was just going on 23, had run his trap lines alone. He fleshed the skins and stretched the pelts on willow hoops, cooked his tasteless buffer and broiled hunks of elk meat, smoked his *shongsha*, and at night dreamed the dreams which belong to youth.

Lured by tales of the great money the beaver trappers were making, he had come West three years before. He was a gawky and likeable farm lad. It took him two years to learn the ways of the beaver and to earn enough (Please turn to page 73)



All the built-up passion and hunger for a woman choked Jeremiah as he watched her prepare.



by LEICESTER HEMINGWAY

How You Can Make Hunting Pay Cash

TV's quiz champion who cleaned up on the "wild animal" category tells you where and how to hunt the beasts whose skins can earn you a small fortune.



Feverish sweat, heart-pounding excitement, fear, swollen insect bites and the smell of decaying flesh are none of the lures offered to fortune hunters in far places. But these and a few of the other unpleasantnesses of life are all a part of the reality that is guaranteed you in the skin trade.

Who cares about this primitive business of supplying civilization with the raw materials direct from the tropical wilds? That's easy. Personally, I've received hundreds of letters from young Americans who have no enthusiasm for job ruts or future social security. A big percentage of these young guys yearn to experience one of the roughest but most satisfying jobs life has to offer—that of making a living with their rifle as their forefathers did.

But to shoot for a living nowadays, you've got to prowl through the changing wilderness and jungles of the four continents where game is still found in fair amounts. To the public, the most exciting of these is Africa.

The Dark Continent is still a land with very few fences. But it has a good deal of civilization around the edges. And some of its cities have as many tall buildings, and as jittery, unhappy humans as any you'll find in Europe or North America. These cities are your markets if you yearn to hunt for the skin trade. So begin thinking in terms of (Continued on page 78)





Some skins—like this giant gorilla's—are valuable only for their size. You'd do better going after crocodiles.

This croc skin will bring \$2 per foot in New York, as is. But if you tan and clean it, you can triple your take.



NATURE GIRL



Our little woodland nymph, Sheila Rudy, is one girl who knows what she wants—and makes no bones about telling you so. “My idea of a wonderful weekend,” said the 20-year-old beauty, “is to take off for a hunting lodge high in the mountains and spend some time close to nature. I love to stroll barefoot through the quiet woods, soaking up the sunshine and peaceful atmosphere.” The only problem, Sheila readily admits, is that her free weekends are few and far between. One of the most popular

MORE

NATURE GIRL



Hollywood models (her eye-stopping figure measures 37-24-35 packed into a flawless 5'4" frame), Sheila spends every cent she makes on dramatic lessons. Her big ambition is to crack the movies, and she works at it all the time. But there are times when Sheila relaxes. That's when she whips up a little beach party—complete with grilled franks or hamburgers and ice-cold beer. Swimming and boating are high on her list as favorite sports.

Also, this once-upon-a-time

MORE





NATURE GIRL



tomboy, gets a charge out of a fast game of softball. Sheila plays second and bats left-handed. Her costume around the house is a loose-fitting sweater.

"I like to stay at home—especially after a long modelling session. Can't stand nightclubbing. And the guys know this—that's why I never have any trouble getting dates." Naturally! ●



Soldier of Fortune:

WEE WILLIE WALKER'S ONE-MAN WAR

He promised his "army" of 43 cutthroats all the women, whiskey and fighting they could ask for. All they had to do to get it was help him conquer a nation.



On the afternoon of July 3, 1856, the town square of the village of Realejo in Nicaragua was the scene of an amazing festive reception. The square was a mass of weaving, twisting, screaming men and women, all in various stages of almost complete nudity.

Beautiful señoritas and señoras, wearing a shocking lack of clothing, danced and cavorted with tall and fierce-bearded

(Continued on page 82)





by EDWIN V. BURKHOLDER



**"GET THEM OUT-
OR KILL THEM!"**

This story of WW II's most fantastic rescue is a matter of military record. Here is the saga of eight men whose "insane and suicidal" mission helped make D-Day possible.



■ "TEN more lashes," snarled *Leutnant* von Strasser.

The bleeding lump of raw meat stirred feebly on the torture rack. This ruined man with his back sliced to ribbons and face cut open in a dozen places had once been Henri Chevalier, second in command of the Free French Underground in the Nazi-occupied city of Amiens. Now he was only a semiconscious animal that was being methodically whipped to death.

"Perhaps we should stop and give him an injection to revive him," a burly Gestapo sergeant suggested to von Strasser respectfully.

The bitter *leutnant* ignored the remark and nodded to the sweating goon with the metal-tipped whip. Again

and again the lash whistled through the air, flailing agony into the prisoner's stomach and groin. The Resistance hero convulsed in pain under the first few lashes, but then he stopped moving.

"He may be dead," the torturer said as he mopped his brow.

Von Strasser walked up to the prisoner, looked at the Frenchman and shook his head. "Just unconscious. We'll let this *schwein* get back his strength before we resume the interrogation."

"Perhaps we might try the blowtorch, *Herr Leutnant*?" the sergeant proposed. "There are some men who respond better to flame."

MORE

by WALT BETTMAN

Air photo of the strike at Amiens. Unknown to Chevalier at the time was the fact that his brother was still alive inside the Nazi dungeon.

**"GET THEM OUT-
OR KILL THEM!"**



The Gestapo officer laughed as he carelessly waved the unconscious prisoner away.

"A fine idea, Heinz," he told the noncom as he carefully inspected his polished boots to make sure that no gore had splattered their mirror-like perfection. "Today's the 16th. We'll let his wounds close up a bit before we start again. Then he'll be strong enough to scream good and loud for us."

The sadistic Von Strasser completely forgot about Henri Chevalier that balmy night in May, 1944, for he enjoyed an excellent dinner with champagne in the most expensive bordello in Amiens. The food was good, and from experience he knew that the house's well-built tarts were even better.

But somebody else was thinking about the captured Resistance leader. He was less than 200 miles away, and he was scared. His name was Colonel Georges Rapier, and he ran the Sabotage Section of General DeGaulle's busy *Deuxieme Bureau*. In a bomb-proof cellar under an ordinary looking town house in the fashionable Mayfair section of London, the Free French intelligence officer paced up and down. "If Chevalier talks?" he thought grimly. He shook his head. It would be a massacre. Tens of thousands would be slaughtered.

The light on the squawk-box on his desk blinked twice. He reached down and pressed the button.

"*Ils sont ici.* They're here," the guard outside the steel door announced.

The colonel didn't bother to answer. He flicked a switch to open the electrically controlled door and turned to face his visitors. One was a tall, thin, hawk-faced man who was a captain in the Free French Air Force. The other was a stocky British brigadier-general with a patch covering his empty left-eye socket.

"You have news of Henri?" the French aviator asked tensely.

The English officer glanced at Colonel Rapier, and nodded.

"Andre, I have word of your brother," the colonel said. "It is all bad. The situation is extremely serious."

The general nodded again. The entire War Office and top brass on Eisenhower's staff were worried about the captured Resistance leader. He knew too much.

"Is he dead?" Andre Chevalier asked bluntly.

"Worse," the British general sighed.

"The mission was betrayed," Colonel Rapier explained slowly. "Your brother and the fourteen others were all taken by the Nazis. They were ambushed by a full company of Gestapo on the *Route Nationale* outside Amiens. They didn't have a chance, *mon ami.*"

"Where is he?"

"In the walled prison on the edge of town. He's been tortured day and night for seventy-two hours. No man could stand their treatment much longer without screaming out everything he knew."

"Henri could," his brother snapped defiantly. "He's a patriot and a man of honor."

"We know that! One of the Gestapo sergeants who works at the prison sleeps with a blonde bar-maid in a sleazy cafe in Amiens. Maybe she's a tart, but she hates Nazis. The sergeant told her that they were both amazed and furious at the fantastic amount of pain your brother absorbed without talking."

"*Salaud!* The filthy sick *cochon!*" Andre Chevalier cursed savagely. "They're nothing but wild animals, beasts, sadists who kill and mangle for sheer delight!"

Colonel Rapier stared at him, swallowed hard. He'd known the tough, lean pilot for three years, and he'd never seen him like this. Andre Chevalier, winner of the *Legion d'Honneur* and an Allied air ace with eight German planes to his credit, was blazing with uncontrolled fury. The Free French Escadrille had nicknamed him "*Le Froid*," the "Cool One" who never got excited or rattled in the most savage dog-fights. Now *Capitaine* Chevalier's eyes burned fiercely and he was practically breathing fire as he raged at his brother's Nazi tormentors.

"I've just come from a meeting of the Joint Intelligence Committee at Allied Headquarters," the British brigadier announced in sober tones. "There is very grave concern at the top level for your brother and his men."

Andre Chevalier turned to face him squarely. He braced his shoulders, for he had an idea of what was coming.

"Henri's group had been assigned a special sabotage job directly connected with the coming invasion of the continent," the general continued. "Those men were

entrusted with information so secret that I hate to think about it. We cannot run the slightest chance that they may be tortured into talking. Do you understand, Captain Chevalier?"

The concrete room shook as a German V-1 exploded nearby, but not one of the men in the secret underground headquarters paid any attention to the blast. They were all silent, hundreds of miles away—in the Gestapo torture prison 200 miles across the channel.

"Oui, mon general, I understand," Andre said at last.

"When I leave this room, Captain," the general continued, "I shall drive straight to R.A.F. headquarters to have orders cut for an immediate air strike by heavy bomber squadrons. Those planes will be under orders to get through the Messerschmitts and flak at any cost—no matter how high the casualties—and obliterate the prison outside Amiens. There must be no survivors, not a single one!"

There was another long silence.

Colonel Rapier of the *Deuxieme Bureau* stared down at his desk gloomily. He pulled the last bent cigarette from a crumpled pack, lit it, then ground it out without knowing what he was doing. He'd sent dozens of men out on suicide missions with no more than a brief qualm, but now he found himself unable to look Andre Chevalier in the eye.

"I'm extremely sorry to have to . . ." the British general began apologetically, but he never finished the sentence.

"Your condolences are somewhat premature," the fighter ace interrupted curtly. Colonel Rapier glanced up immediately. This was the old Andre Chevalier, the cold tough warrior who killed without a flicker of emotion. This was the sharp sure voice of "*Le Froid*."

"If your object is to make certain that these men do not betray Allied invasion plans to the Boches," he continued icily, "then bombing and killing them is not the only solution."

"Do you have another?" the Englishman challenged. "Do you think that we want to murder our own agents?"

"That will not be necessary, sir. I would much prefer your full and immediate cooperation. I will need all the help I can get."

The bewildered British officer turned to Colonel Rapier, who shrugged to show his own complete ignorance. Neither of them had the slightest idea of what Andre Chevalier had in mind.

"My plan is simple," the hard-bitten ace continued. "I propose to rescue those men. With my own team of eight fighter-bombers, I will blow a hole in the wall to let them out."

"Impossible!" the general said flatly.

"I know that prison and the surrounding area," Chevalier went on. "There are woods only three hundred yards away. It will be up to you to provide covering fire while they cross that open space."

Colonel Rapier shook his head. "It's impossible."

Chevalier ignored the comment. "They will then flee through the woods to a flat field on the other side. From that field, they will return to England."

"Completely preposterous," the general exploded. "How are we going to get them out? How big is that damn field?"

"About 400 yards long and 150 yards wide."

"But Andre," Colonel Rapier argued, "nothing could land there. Not even one of the little Lysanders. We don't have a plane that could operate from such a tiny strip."

"Did I mention a plane?" Chevalier snapped.

They waited for him to continue.

"A glider, *mes amis*."

"He's completely balmy, utterly mad," the Englishman declared. "How in hell are we going to put down and pick up a glider in a tiny field like that?"

"It simply cannot be done, Andre," the French intelligence officer confirmed. "I can understand your wish to save your brother . . ."

"I am going to save my brother. Understand that, gentlemen. It will not be easy, but it will be done."

Colonel Rapier sighed. He walked to the sideboard to take out a long hoarded bottle of pre-war brandy. Then he found three water tumblers and splashed two inches of liquor into each. "Let's have a drink and discuss this rationally," he urged. No one argued. Each of the three men picked up his glass and gulped down the stiff shot.

Then Andre Chevalier sat down, closed his eyes, and thought some more.

"An excellent brandy," he announced a few seconds later. "It has cleared my head."

"No more nonsense about gliders, I hope," the brigadier muttered.

"We shall drop the glider the night before in the nearest large field," the

(Continued on page 67)





Men enjoying stag party didn't know their photos were being taken. We disguised their faces to protect them.

TARGET: MEN!

HERE'S THE LOWDOWN ON THE
5 MOST VICIOUS SEX RACKETS IN
OPERATION TODAY. THE BAIT
IS THE SAME — A WOMAN. BUT THE
TRAPS HAVE BEEN REDESIGNED.



Some fly-by-night "dance schools" offer more than lessons: Blackmail's on list.

by B. W. VON BLOCK

■ WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY defines sex as "the distinction between male and female."

If this is what its publishers *actually* think sex is, then a short course in the facts of life are in order for the learned gentlemen: And we—my now somewhat shaken and unnerved wife and I—figure we're well qualified to conduct the lessons!

For, after having spent almost two months doing some not-too-quiet investigating for this magazine, we've discovered that sex is Big Business. No. I'm *not* talking about the "oldest profession" as such. I'm talking about the streamlined, polished variations on the ancient theme that we uncovered during our assignment to dig up the low-down on America's five most vicious sex rackets now in operation against men.

We left New York City by car in mid-February, 1958. We didn't get back until April 12th. But during the interim we got ourselves a red-hot education, one that leaves no doubt as to what the rackets are. Nor is there any question but that they're worth millions a year to the sharpies who operate the sometimes sordid, sometimes ludicrous—but always dirty—swindles.

Vilest of all the sex-rackets is the one we ran across in New Orleans—and then found going full blast in almost every large city in the country. We got a line on the phoney-abortion swindle from a (Please turn to page 92)

UNSUNG RAMPAGE of the BAMBOO BATTLESHIP

■ "STANDBY all guns! Sub is surfacing off Cagayan Point!"

Sweaty arms cradling a Jap .25 caliber machinegun, Chief Gunner's Mate Frank Lahay, USN, smiled grimly as a large Japanese I-boat sub suddenly feathered its periscope in the glassy coral waters off Florida Island in the Solomons. Four other US Navy men complied eagerly as their sampan heeled sluggishly before a southern breeze and lured the enemy directly toward them.

It was November 8, 1942, three months after the Imperial Japanese Navy won the Battle of Savo Island—and six months after Lahay, survivor of the *U.S.S. Houston* sinking in the Java Sea, had declared his private war on Hirohito. Lahay's crew was composed of survivors of the sunken light cruiser *U.S.S. Astoria*, and their thirst for vengeance was every bit as unquenchable as that of the man who collected them.

Outfitted now in a camouflage of wide straw hats and loose-fitting Indonesian paddycoats, their appearance was something less than formidable to the onrushing Japanese. Calmly but with obvious intent, the Japs scrambled from the conning tower and deck hatches to man their guns.

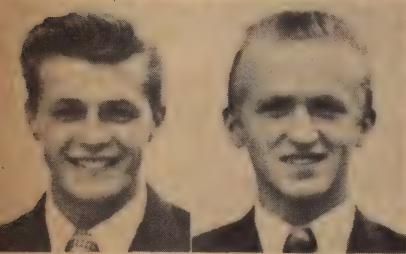
"They've got the glasses on us!" Lahay whispered tensely. He turned his face away from the sub. "Don't show 'em skin!"

"Figure they think we're the raider?"

"Figure they're not takin' any chances," Lahay growled.

Then the tall twenty-four-year-old gunner's mate amend-

MORE



Ex-Navy torpedoman Chamberlain (left) checked C.P.O. Lahay's incredible saga for 6 months before dramatizing epic for *Man's Conquest*. Lahay (right) won both the *Navy Star* and *D.S.C.*

Powerful and insolent, the Jap squadron prowled the Java Sea with nothing to fear—least of all, the U.S. Navy. But Gunner's Mate Frank Lahay, sailing a match-stick sampan manned by hell-bent men, taught them the meaning of revenge.



by JOE CHAMBERLAIN



UNSUNG RAMPAGE OF THE BAMBOO BATTLESHIP

ed sharply. "Well, here goes for the jackpot. Got their deck guns manned."

Aboard the slow moving sampan, navigator and avenging angel Frank Lawrence Lahay made his machinegun do a disappearing act as he neatly swung the wheel to run a parallel course to the Jap. At a range of one mile, the enemy captain put a shell across the sampan's bow but the helmsman didn't drop his canvas.

Not even the sub's second shot slowed the sampan. . . .

Lahay's epic of World War II began when he and four other *U.S.S. Houston* men managed to pull themselves from the Pacific to a raft in the aftermath of our early Asiatic fleet disaster. Those who didn't make it that day either succumbed to sharks or rotted later in Jap prison camps.

Internal injuries he had suffered weakened the Chief Petty Officer, and dysentery compounded his misery. Nevertheless, since he was the ranking petty officer among the survivors, Lahay ordered the four others to leave him after they beached—to save themselves but if possible to send back help. The four disappeared into the jungle. Lahay stayed. Rescue never came.

It was while his companions were gone that Lahay bunkered himself, learned the beach immediately surrounding his piece of the island, and plotted his salvation. The only trouble, he concluded grimly, was that the Japs had the grenades while he had merely a will to live and a hunk of wood. Given luck, he vowed then, the situation might just reverse itself.

Living off coconuts, raw fish and wild berries barely kept Lahay alive, and he was in no shape to take on twelve Japanese barehanded when the first enemy patrol appeared two weeks after he landed. Lying in the emerald beach jungle, his handsome features warped into a worried frown as he watched the invasion party move stealthily toward his position. Led by an extremely near-sighted Lieutenant who typified the well-known caricature of the cross-eyed Jap with trailing samurai, the Japs paused to examine human footprints (his) while the Lieutenant triumphantly noted the appropriate entry in his diary.

Then they fanned out, hunted, and after a long two hours, sat together at a campfire drinking saki and commiserating on a lousy assignment. They were still squatting when one of the men posted as lookout sighted the barge. The Lieutenant nodded exhaustedly, but gave no

order. The assumption was that the oncoming vessel was the one they were expecting, for supposedly there was no longer a U.S. Navy operating anywhere in the area above Port Darwin.

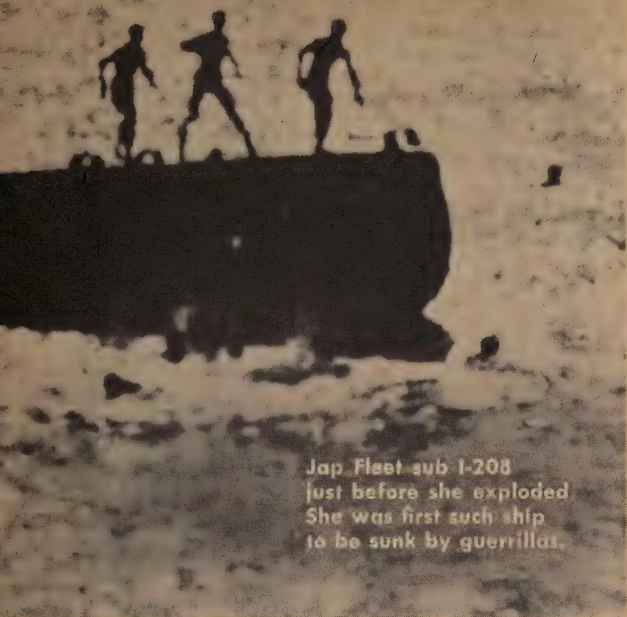
"Hi! Hi!" the enemy lookout screamed shrilly, pointing to the Stars and Stripes. The Lieutenant jumped up and yelled, "Hi! Hi!" right back and for a few confused moments the enemy not only *lost* face, but his face was positively crimson. Still hidden, the young Nebraska-born CPO had himself a ringsider at the first real bit of attrition against the then unbeaten enemy.

The "barge" turned out to be a fast roaming 55 foot U.S. Navy PT, and her forward 20's were manned and ready to pump hell into the same Jap barge the Japs on shore had been expecting. The rising sun suddenly did a fast setting. And, concealed behind the beach in a low-limbed tree, Lahay had a grand time enjoying the big shoot. Fiery arcs of tracers splayed the wooden hulled enemy barge until the Jap ship, now running desperately between the island and the beach, burst into flames. Random 20 millimeter shots tore up the jungle around Lahay, but his roost remained intact.

"More—there's more of 'em!" a sailor standing in the bow of the onrushing patrol boat was yelling as the PT closed the beach. "On the beach!"

The shells came faster, closer, and the Nebraskan climbed higher. Oblivious of the tufting sand, whining bullets and exploding shells, Lahay enjoyed the ball for the thousands of deceased Navy men with whom he served, and of whom he now thought. A veritable mill-race of flame engulfed the twelve beached Japs and in less than a minute they were all dead. The last to scream, the lieutenant, was the first casualty. Tripping over his elongated sword, he ended the farce by blowing his own brains out when it became apparent to him that Nippon didn't win *all* of them.

That screaming, blood-spurting finish didn't turn up even one American, let alone the dozen or more survivors off the *Houston* that Japanese intelligence claimed it did in subsequent radio reports. But at the same time, unfortunately, it was the last time that Frank Lahay was to see an American flag for months to come. Speechless, he crept down to the beach and sat there mutely among corpses, watching the disappearing wake of the speedy PT. In his mind he screamed epithets at his countrymen, but in a way he really couldn't blame them for barreling out.



Jap Fleet sub I-208
just before she exploded
She was first such ship
to be sunk by guerrillas.

"Turn up one Nip, you turn up a thousand," the CPO shrugged disconsolately, surveying the stockpile of ammunition and weapons he suddenly fell heir to: machine gun, revolver, four automatic rifles and eight rifles, to say nothing of grenades, trench knives, Jap rations and several diaries and pencils. Six cans of Jap beef wasn't much by U.S. Navy standards, but it was on the order of a feast to the half-starved sailor. Sitting on the back of the handiest corpse, he munched tinned beef and contemplated the sunset.

"Best eat and clear the hell out before more of these slant-eyed soldiers turn up," the chief reflected solemnly. "But how the hell do I drag all this arsenal around with me?"

The question was easily solved. Part of the loot he hid, and the other part, as much as Lahay could carry, was strapped to his back. Wearing Jap shoes, carrying a rolled up Jap blanket with his tunic inside for warmth, the one-man guerrilla army-navy who was to become the scourge of the war zone for random troops of Hirohito, hiked for the hills. It was a good move. The next day more Japs came.

Timor Sound was on the far side of the island. There, atop a steep cliff overlooking the lagoons, Lahay established his headquarters. Then, for a while anyhow, Lahay was able to catch up on his sleep between catching up on Japs. More important to the overall scheme of survival, while his luck held fast, he was able to call all



Emperor's own Marines were thrown into search for Lahay:
Result: 20 slaughtered when sailor caught them at chow.

the shots. The number of shots, as well as the luck, was plenty.

Twenty-four hours more passed uneventfully, during which the young CPO carefully weighed as many angles as his agile mind could conceive. It was all guesswork on his part, but he tried to think like a Jap would who was hunting for a hateful quarry—Lahay—who was wanted for the death of twelve men ashore and God knows how many others in the barge. The more Lahay thought, the more he was convinced that *no* part of the island was invulnerable if the enemy came in force, and that the sooner he evacuated the better.

"How, dammit—how?" the Nebraskan growled at the blinding sun and the glassy sea. He licked his cracked lips and stared at the heavens. Somewhere there was an answer, he told himself trudging downbeach to his point of origin, and somehow it would avail itself. "I'm just a pawn, God. Move me, please—"

Wearing a bandolier of Jap grenades and carrying the dead lieutenant's revolver was sufficient weight for a man teetering on the edge of starvation, Lahay decided. Therefore, along the line of retreat, such places as hollow stumps, false dirt piles and roots of the pineapple mangroves hid his heavier weapons. He was ready, he told himself in a whistling-in-the-dark way, for any eventuality. Thus mentally bolstered, the former Gun Captain of Turret Two licked his chops like a cocky young lion as he swung around the point and saw the old beachhead. There were more corpses, eight of them.

Seven charred Japanese crewmen off the late barge lay at the high water mark. The ninth was the body of an American sailor, dead of bullet wounds recently suffered. The face of the deceased showed a last emotion of surprise rather than agony. Lahay gently turned the body over. The name on the shirt was *Cathorn, L. C., SM 1/c*. No ship name. Nobody Lahay'd ever seen. Kneeling, he pulled the dead man upbeach, pulled off the dogtag, found a wallet in the same pocket with a wet handkerchief. These articles he carefully wrapped and stowed in his own tattered dungarees. A PT identification card told the rest of the story.

Cathorn in life stood about six feet two. Lahay pondered a sacrilegious act, and the longer he pondered the more convinced he was that L. C. Cathorn, SM 1/c would, if the dead could speak, tell him to go right ahead with it. Just before he buried L. C. Cathorn, Lahay removed the deceased's dungaree shirt and trousers and Cathorn's shoes.

"Forgive me, Lord. Forgive me, Sailor Cathorn," Lahay softly intoned as he stood before the shallow grave. "This man died for me and others like me, Lord. Accept him and give him your eternal love, for he died in battle and honorably and too full of Jap bullets to even know it was happening . . ."

The Jap barge had got off at least one burst but one was enough. Now pulling the enemy dead off the beach was an act of mercy as well as a precautionary measure. Jap aircraft dominated the skies over the Indies, Lahay soberly realized, so that any low-flying Zero would be more than mildly curious about the bodies, with the net result that more Japs would come.

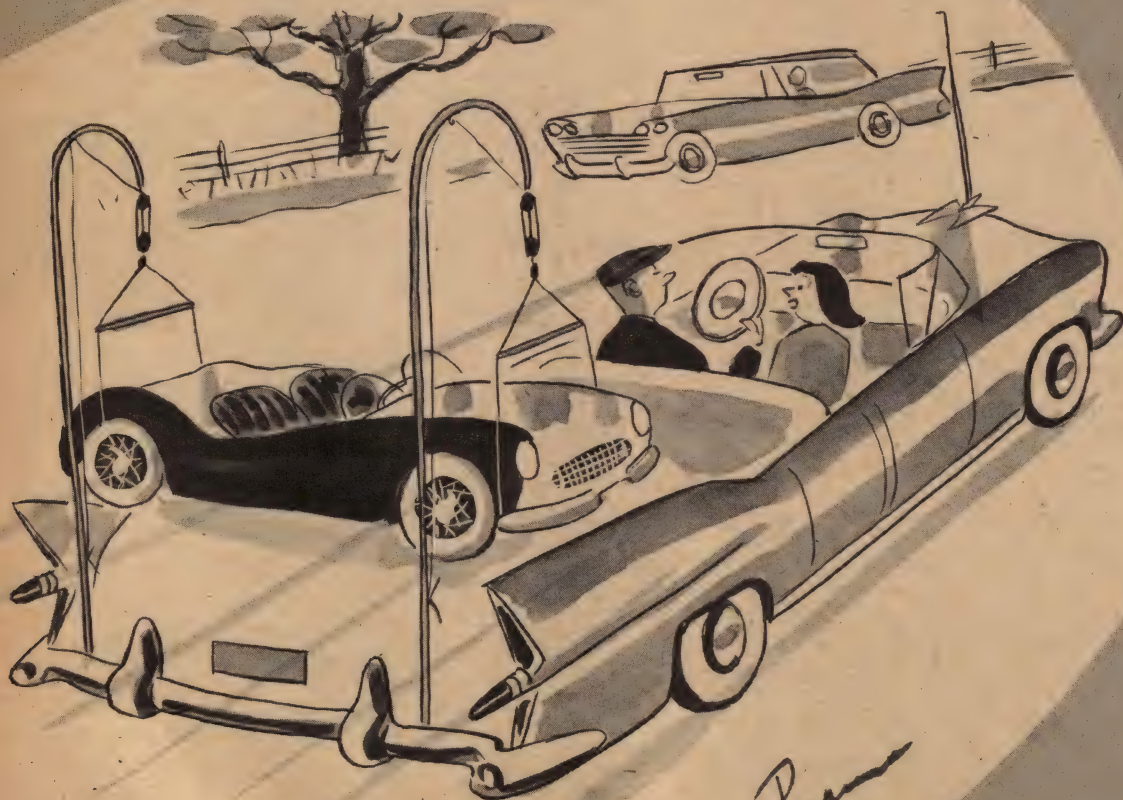
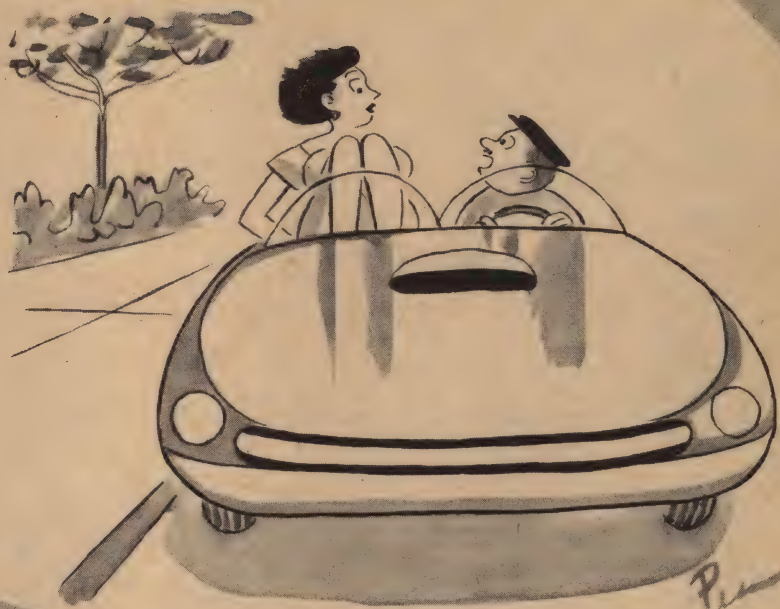
"Guess it's inevitable, good buddy," the sailor muttered aloud. "That barge is presumed overdue by now, so pretty damned quick now I'll have me more Nip company."

Stripping the Jap sailors of their knives (all they had when caught by surprise), the American sailor pulled the seven luckless into a burial yard where other Japs were interred. Then, collecting the boodle, Frank Lahay combed the rest of the island for flotsam. Finding nothing, he returned to his cliff (*Continued on page 55*)

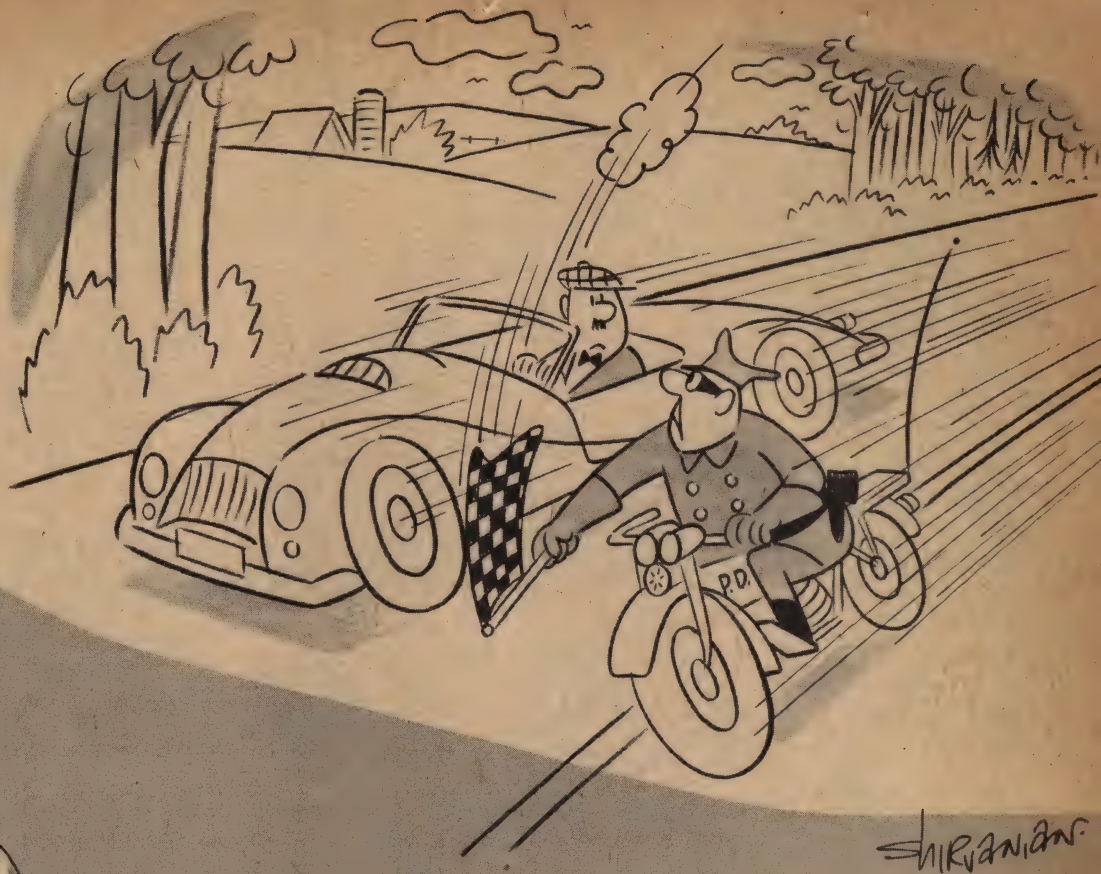
SMALL WORLD

Life (as seen by big-car owners) of the little beetles that bug you (and us) all along the highways of the good old U.S.A.

"Haven't you ever been in a sports car, Miss Pimm?"



"Don't you think you overdid it a bit on the accessories? Most people can get by fine with a spare wheel."

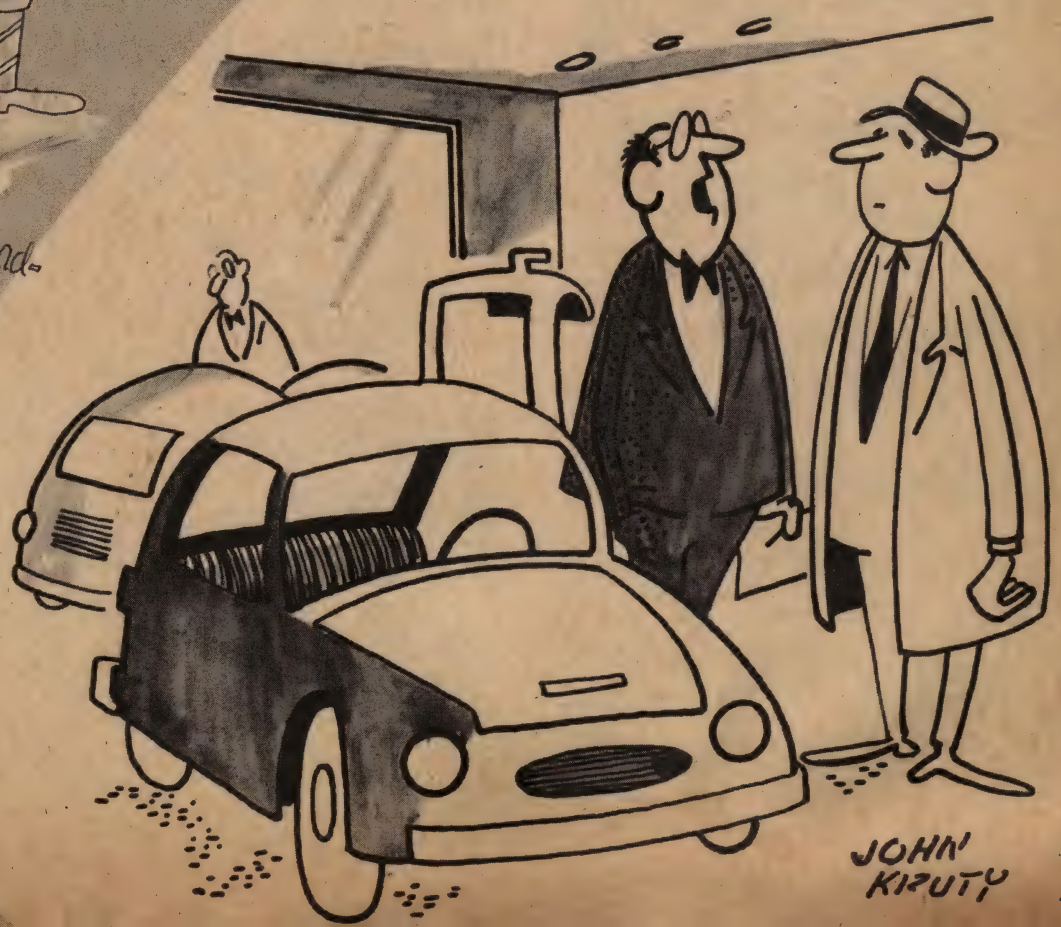


MIRANIAN



Hagglund

“... and it gets 18 kilometers to the litre of petrol—
whatever the hell that means!”



JOHN
KIPUTU



WOMAN of DEVIL'S ISLAND

EDITOR'S NOTE: On June 29, the body of an old man was discovered in a shack on the island of Majorca off the coast of Spain. Certain papers in his possession indicated that he was Robert Moulin who, in 1928, had been condemned for murder to life imprisonment on Devil's Island. That he subsequently escaped was well known. But how he escaped is the subject of this sensational story, pieced together from Moulin's secret diary.

Some of the younger officers of the guard on Devil's Island had good-looking women—wives who hated with a vengeance both the hell-hole they called home and the men they called their husbands. Because he knew this, and because he read a promise in such a woman's eyes, prisoner Robert Moulin dared the impossible—escape!

MAN'S CONQUEST
book-length
BONUS

■ MOST crimes of passion are committed in hot weather, and murder is the most common.

Paris on July 27, 1928, was so hellish hot that many breweries ran out of beer by midafternoon. The one I drove truck for shut down at 3:30 while I was waiting for a load, so I parked my truck in the yard and headed home on foot. I lived only three blocks away in Montmartre.

Though it wasn't far I hurried, in spite of the heat, because I wanted to take Jeanne for a boat-ride on the Seine and cool off.

When I reached my front steps, I bounded up them without even saying hello to my neighbor who tried to stop me. I didn't want to waste a minute of this chance for a row on the river with Jeanne. We'd been married only a year. Since I first picked her up, back of the Church of the Madeleine, she was the one

MORE



**WOMAN OF
DEVIL'S ISLAND**

thing I thought about day and night. With Jeanne on your mind there just wasn't room for anything else—a big girl, a double armful even for me and I'm used to hustling beer barrels . . .

We lived on the *rue Henri IV*, just back of the Folies d'Aurore, in a small apartment on the second landing. When I slipped my key into the door, I heard a sudden scuffling inside, then voices, first a man's: "It couldn't be . . . !" Then Jeanne's: "Of course not, silly! On a hot day like this? He'll be wheeling beer barrels until midnight . . . It's probably nothing, just someone at the wrong door . . . You're not very brave for a gendarme, eh, *cheri*?" She laughed. It was the laugh she had for love-making, it sounded like rumpled sheets and spilled wine, a lusty, throaty laugh.

I fumbled the lock open and slammed through the apartment into our bedroom. They were still on the bed. The afternoon sun flooded through our tall bedroom windows, and in a wide pool of light my wife and my friend lay naked, bodies locked together now not in desire but in terror as they saw me.

Jeanne clutched Victor with frantic, clawing hands, and she screamed a long, high, blood-chilling shriek. Victor tried to wrench himself free of her clinging arms and defend himself, but before he could break loose I grabbed a fistful of his hair with my left hand and yanked him backwards off the bed. Then I rammed my closed fist hard into his right temple. He was a big man like me, over six feet and more than 200 pounds, but I hit him so hard he fell to the floor like a dead man.

Jeanne was standing on the bed, screaming and trembling with terror. I jumped onto the bed cursing and took her by the neck, picked her up and flung her across the bedroom. She crashed against the wall, dropped to the floor, and lay still.

Victor got to his knees now and was shaking his head to clear it. I came off the bed swinging a boot at his skull. He saw my foot coming, ducked slightly, grabbed my ankle, and caught me off balance, rearing up then and throwing me to the floor.

I landed on my shoulders, kicking at his shin with my free foot as I fell. And I caught him good, under the kneecap with the heel of my boot, a straight short kick that snapped his shinbone and dropped him on his back. He doubled up, grabbing his broken leg and groaning.

I stomped him then, and I listened to his grunts as I kicked the life out of him. I was still stomping him when the gendarmes came.

I was charged with first-degree murder.

I might have got off entirely if Victor hadn't been a cop. And if Jeanne hadn't been what she was. The prosecutor made it look like Jeanne had kept on hustling after I married her, I was her procurer, and my friend Vic Chevalley was only buying her services . . .

Vic and I grew up together. Not in Paris but in Normandy, where men grow big. We were the same age, and when the war came in 1914 we ran away together to Paris and enlisted. After the war we went back to Paris and raised hell together for a few years. He took examinations and got a job with the city police as a gendarme. I drove a truck for a beer company. We



Unruly DI convicts like Moulin faced a battery of punishing devices like these. Lefevre favored riding crop

spent a lot of our free time together, chasing women, usually the girls of the Champs-Elysees but sometimes when we had extra money we'd pick up a pair from back of the Church of the Madeleine. That's how I found Jeanne, and after I'd been with her a few times I asked her to live with me; she did, and we got married a couple of months later.

I thought Victor was my friend and that we knew all of each other's secrets. I trusted him. He was cop on the beat by then. I knew he dropped in on Jeanne sometimes while walking his beat, but I was glad of this because life in a Montmartre tenement could be tough. I felt that having a cop in the family, so to speak, was better than free insurance.

I had my lawyer plead the Unwritten Law. I myself don't believe in it, but I also don't believe in the guillotine. In France the so-called Unwritten Law protects a man who kills his wife and her lover, for the Sanctity of the Home was violated. But if the woman is an ex-hustler and her lover is a cop, you're lucky if you don't get the guillotine.

I was sentenced to 10 years at hard labor on Devil's Island—which really meant *life*. After any stretch up to seven years on Devil's Island, you had to spend an equal amount of time as a *libéré* in French Guiana's capital of Cayenne, a busy little port on the steaming northeast coast of South America. But if your sentence read more than seven years on Devil's Island, you had to spend the rest of your damn life as a *libéré* in Cayenne.

I was 29 when I boarded the prison ship at Marseilles one foggy morning in December 1928 along with 1,000 other convicts being transported to Devil's Island to replace the previous six months' dead. We were crowded aboard by military guards with fixed bayonets, run into 50-man compartments, and locked in. For the next 15 days we lay in our hammocks, squatted on the deck, traded rumors about Devil's Island, talked about escape, and about our crimes.

A very young prisoner tried to sympathize with me. "I'd do the same thing if it happened to me," he said. He was 17, and up for theft! We had others as young as this one, criminals without beards.

"Then you'd be a damn fool like me," I told him. "What my wife and her lover did wasn't worth killing them for. I wish I'd just turned around and walked out and tried to forget what I saw."

A thin-faced old counterfeiter with sharp, bright

eyes remarked, "Maybe it isn't easy to forget that kind of scene, my boy!"

"I'd rather remember that," I said, "than what I see now when I close my eyes to sleep at night—or even during the day . . ." As I told him about it I saw Jeanne lying on the floor by the wall, her neck twisted, dead eyes staring at the ceiling. . . . Or Victor's head under my stomping boots beaten crooked and bloody with an eye hanging out on his cheek, and the face bent into a lopsided smile. . . . I'd rather remember them as I found them, naked and afraid, but still alive! I couldn't tell the other prisoners all that. I was too young, I had no words to say what I thought and felt.

We disembarked at Cayenne the day after Christmas of 1928. Everyone in the little red-roofed town was on the docks to see this fresh batch of convicts for Devil's Island. We filed off the ship in gray uniforms and wooden shoes, shuffling along in lock-step, heads shaved, faces pale from weeks without sunshine. We looked like prisoners of war.

Along the docks I saw fat merchants in fresh white suits and sun helmets, for the prison ship also carried cargo in her holds. The merchants' wives were there too, in fluffy dresses and wide-brimmed hats, rouged and made up like old madams. There were grinning young Negresses with shining black faces, wearing red or yellow kerchiefs and brass bracelets, standing among their masters and mistresses. *Libérés* were everywhere in their black-and-white striped uniforms. There were prison guards, striding up and down slapping bamboo swagger-sticks against their legs, looking very military, guns hitched high on their hips.

Many of the guard officers had their wives along, young women, a few pretty ones, with fancy dresses and parasols. They looked like they smelled of perfume and would feel soft in your hands. For the first time since I came home and found my wife and best friend in bed, I felt desire again. It came alive inside my guts like sudden hunger.

It scared me. I had to face 10 years without women, until I finished my time and became a *libéré* in Cayenne and maybe got next to one of the colony's bored wives. . . . As we lock-stepped past the civilians on the docks my eyes devoured every young woman there, stripping her to the skin and ravishing her like a savage. When we were marched through the town and the women were out of sight, I felt tears burn down my cheeks. Ten years without . . . like being half alive, and it made me bitter.

A few of the young prisoners called out some gutter talk to the ladies as we passed, and these boys got jabbed with bayonets or clubbed with gun butts. We marched out of town and along a jungle road, away from the warming sight of the women and the thing a man really loves more than freedom.

Ankles bleeding from the chains, we lock-stepped till midnight, when we came to high walls in the jungle. We were herded through a big gate into an enclosed compound, separated into groups of 80, and ordered into long barracks. Inside we found canvas beds and we fell onto them exhausted and sick.

Two prisoners didn't move when the guards kicked us awake at dawn. One of the dead men was old, and his heart failed him in his sleep. The other was a strong man in his 30's who managed to strangle himself with a short leather cord. The guards called it murder, but it wasn't. The man was new here like the rest of us, and he had no money or enemies.

The suicide shook me, for I'd thought of it more than once in jail back in Paris and later on the prison ship, imagining the long, lonely years without a woman.

. . . For some men that's the worst part of prison. Freedom is not what the prisoner wants most deeply. For a few minutes' intimacy with a woman, most men wouldn't give mere freedom a second thought. And at Devil's Island the thought of a woman drove men to end the agony of their hopeless desire by suicide. Of course there were many among us who seemed not to suffer, but these were poor devils who'd been broken to bachelor habits before they came here, and life inside prison walls was not much different for them than loneliness in a rented room at night or working for a machine all day.

We began the "hard labor" part of our sentences that first morning when the guards came down the line of canvas beds, rapping bare feet with billyclubs. I was in the middle of the barracks, so I heard them coming and got into my wooden shoes. I was pulling on my shirt when one of the officers paused in front of me, caught my eye, and stopped. He stood spread-legged, hands clasped behind back, twitching a bamboo swagger-stick like a thin yellow whip. He was an army lieutenant with World War campaign bars on his tunic. I had to smile. Ten years after the war, in 1928 he was still a lieutenant! I thought of my dead friend Victor the gendarme, still pounding a beat 10 years after he started as a rookie cop! And me, after 10 years rolling beer barrels, and driving truck, nothing but a jailbird! We had a lot in common, me and my poor friend Victor and this fancy lieutenant. We even looked somewhat alike, both of them were tall like me though not as hefty, and we were about the same age.

This fancy and arrogant officer whipped his swagger-stick across my face and said, "That's for your smile! Now laugh!"

I didn't laugh. And I stopped smiling. But I didn't move. I waited, trying to think what I should do. Five months had passed since I killed Jeanne and Victor, and in those five months I tried to learn one lesson: Think before you act!

I didn't answer the lieutenant's lash with a fist in his waxed moustache. I fought myself instead, thinking, *No! Not now!* And I clung to that thought. This was only my first day on Devil's Island. It was too soon.

Another officer came over then, saying, "What's going on, Lefevre?"



Work detail buried Devil's Island prisoners who died in the brutal "bear pits." Photo is from Moulin's sensational diary.

He was a paunchy, tired-eyed captain, and he walked flatfooted. Most guard officers at Devil's Island were sent there as a form of army punishment, since it was a military prison. Their usual offense was incompetence. They hated Devil's Island almost as deeply as we did, and they took it out on us.

"The swine was insolent!" Lieutenant Lefevre replied snappily with a little Prussian click of the heels and a stiff-backed half-bow.

"You can take care of him later," the captain said carelessly. "Get them out of here!" He turned and slouched away. I noticed he didn't carry a gun, which made him smarter than most captains. What prisoner would jump an officer who wore no gun? Let other men get jumped for the guns they carried. . . . Sizing the two men up, I figured I could probably beat the hell out of the lieutenant—and the cynical old captain would get a good laugh out of it.

Lefevre didn't give up. "But Captain Boucher!" he called after his superior, who turned around and looked too bored to be really annoyed. "Captain," said Lefevre hastily, "the prisoner smiled. He was insolent, and I demand to know why! He's a newcomer, and if he's going to be troublesome, I believe we should find out now, sir!"

Captain Boucher sighed and muttered, "*Tiens!* . . . All right, prisoner, why did you smile?" He shoved his hands in his tunic pockets, and stared at my feet.

"The lieutenant's campaign bars," I lied. "We were on the same fronts during the war. . . . That's why I smiled." It was only half a lie, really. We had been on the same fronts in that war, when lieutenants like this one got shot by their own men more often than by Germans. These were the officers who walked behind us with pistols when we charged the German trenches, and if a man fell wounded he knew he damn well better bleed or one of these bright boys with lieutenant's bars would make patriotically sure that the coward was dead. I'd say this particular officer hadn't changed his occupation very much in 10 years.

Captain Boucher looked up at me after I told my lie, and he seemed about to ask, "What outfit, young man?" But then he glanced at Lieutenant Lefevre's trembling moustache, and said, "Enough! We're already late! Get these men outside!"

The lieutenant looked like he wanted to slap the captain's face with his white glove, and I think he would have, too, if they'd been of equal rank. I knew Lefevre would get to me now, I knew these boys in the army. We weren't angels in the ranks, but when it came to robbing commissaries, ravaging enemy women, stupidity in the field, and cowardice before the Germans, our fancy-pants officers took the fur-lined moustache-cup. I knew I was on Lefevre's list. Give a weak man a little power over others, and he usually goes crazy with it. But nearly all the guards and officers at Devil's Island were like that. Lefevre was the worst only so far as I was concerned, because he attached himself to me and became my personal devil.

I was in the main prison colony of St. Laurent on the Maroni River, which divides French Guiana from the Dutch possession. There were 3,000 of us in that

part of the prison colony. Over on St. Joseph Island there were another 400 prisoners—in the "bear pits," the solitary cells. Another 400 on Royal Island were special convict-labor, such as the galley slaves, who were kept well fed and strong for rowing the inter-island whaleboats on which the life of the scattered colony depended. On Devil's Island itself there were only a dozen prisoners, all political, and they were kept strictly to themselves. The whole colony came to be known as Devil's Island when the Dreyfus Case first exposed corruption in the French army officers' corps and the terrible slavery practised here in the name of Justice.

We were chained in gangs of 20, linked by raw wrists and bleeding ankles, and marched to the mess hall, where we lined up at chest-high counters and ate standing—tin cups of black liquid that smelled faintly of coffee, chunks of stale bread that were fuzzy green with mould, and bowls of salt for the bread. Most of us were able to eat. We were starved, and we knew the work would be very tough afterwards. Cutting down iron-hard mahogany trees or chopping roads through poisonous jungle, these were the two main convict-labor jobs at Devil's Island—except of course for the galley slaves, garbage truck drivers, and other transport workers, and the 2,000 *libérés* in the town of Cayenne.

My chain gang was lock-stepped along a jungle road an hour's march to a dead end. At first I figured we were in for road-building, but beyond the road's end I saw tall stumps of giant mahoganies among the slim bamboos and twisted manzanitas of the jungle.

Here we were unchained and put to work, some on the block-and-tackle loading yesterday's logs on lumber trucks, others with long bush knives to clear new working areas, and a few with ropes and axes to climb the tall mahoganies and top their crests. Meanwhile, prisoners with saws, wedges, and iron sledge-hammers set to work on the boles of the trees.

Lieutenant Lefevre personally handed me my axe, saying, "Be sure you know what this is for!"

I nodded and reached to take the axe, but he dropped it before I was aware of the trick, and the fine edge of the heavy axe struck the wooden toe of my shoe, chopping out a big chunk of wood that might have been a piece of my foot.



I thought, "When I find out where you hurt most . . . !" But I said nothing. I stooped and slowly picked up the axe. I knew I could kill Lefevre quick, also I wouldn't live to tell about it. I kept my temper under control and held the axe and waited.

The lieutenant didn't have his sharp little bamboo swagger-stick with him now, but he carried a riot gun cradled in one arm. Pointing it at my chest, he jabbed me with the muzzle, saying, "Well, get to work! And don't forget what the axe is for!" He jabbed me in the chest again. "Because if you forget, you're dead!" His voice was level and icy, but there was a little tremble in it. As if he was afraid of me.

I chopped mahogany until my hands were calloused claws. My weight went down until at the end of the first year I weighed less than 200, which is lean for a 6-footer. But I was stronger than I'd ever been in Paris rolling beer barrels. I felt like a kid back in Normandy felling trees and clearing new land. *I was ready for action.*

It was more than a year since I'd had my last woman, and she was Jeanne, the woman I killed. At first it bothered the hell out of me. But I tried harder all the time to control my thoughts, and when the others talked sex I didn't listen. You can't control your dreams, though, and mine were all mixed up with death and love, wild lust and murder. I walked around like a human bomb, ready to explode, crash out, chop a guard, kill Lefevre with my hands! More than ready for action, I had to have it!

That's when I tried to bust out. They had me topping mahoganies now that my weight was down and I could swing up those tall trunks with the climbing rope. It was Lefevre himself who gave me the chance to escape when he tried to kill me that day.

He'd been riding me from the beginning, of course, tormenting and taunting me, insulting me, daring me to do something so he'd have an excuse to use the riot gun, and though I'd learned better than to wonder why officers are the way they are, this lieutenant went so far I was sure it really had something to do with me. When another lumberjack, an old-timer, told me Lefevre had been sent to Devil's Island as punishment for something he did while stationed in Madagascar, it came clear. Lefevre and I had something in common. He machinegunned one of his own noncoms and a squad of native troops after he returned from a patrol and found his wife raped and murdered. Because he executed the noncom and squad himself instead of going through official channels, he was punished with a term of guard duty on Devil's Island. My crime reminded him of his own, my punishment was like his, and he hated me for it—me the barrel-rolling trucker, to be compared with this wax-moustached heel-clicker! When I realized why he hated me, for being a living reminder of himself, and a common one at that, I got sore. I felt the comparison was insulting to *me*, not him!

So he'd picked me for his pet whipping-boy, and both prisoners and guards knew it. I guess they also knew I'd even the score one day. Unless the chance to escape came first. . . .

We had a 60-footer to be felled. The bole was notched and sawed, the tackle was up, the pullers could lay her down wherever they wanted. But Lefevre decided to top this tree. Why at this point? He chose me for the job, that was why. He could shoot me down if I refused to carry out his orders.

I slung a coil of light line over my shoulder, wrapped the climbing rope around the trunk of the mahogany, gave it a turn around my waist, and started inching my way up. After a year working these big trees I knew

their ways, and I could feel this one was ready to topple—the way it moved in the wind, no spring to it, and the little creakings and soundless groanings that vibrated up the trunk and through my legs. Under the top I braced my feet solid against the bark, leaned back on the climbing rope, and dropped an end of the light line to the men below. They hitched on an axe. I pulled it up and set to work topping this tree.

If she started to fall now—and it took only one man on the block-and-tackle to pull her over—I'd never slide down the trunk fast enough. On the other hand, if Lefevre did try to pull me down, the block-and-tackle lines were tied at the treetop within striking distance above me. I saw I could reach them with the axe and cut either one of them in time if I had to.

So I hacked away at the trunk and kept one eye on Lefevre down there. The others had stopped work. The prisoners knew better than to protest. The guards thought it was good fun.

Lefevre watched me and moved slowly towards one of the two block-and-tackle sets. Just as he reached it and grabbed the pulling line, I swung the axe high and cut the rope where it looped around the trunk above me. The tackle fell away, and as it dropped, Lefevre's face twisted with anger and surprise.

I laughed out loud, thinking I'd outsmarted him. But this tree was so ready to fall, the slight strain of the other block-and-tackle was just enough to pull her over. When I felt her starting to go, I dropped my axe and grabbed the climbing rope, bracing my feet wide apart, trying to stay on the top side of the falling trunk. Riding a 60-footer down isn't usually fatal, but you can break a lot of bones.

I rode this one down yelling like a cowboy and crashing into a cluster of guava trees beyond the cleared edge of our work area, out of sight inside the jungle. I was scratched and bleeding, and the wind was knocked out of me, but I had no broken bones.

I was alone. I saw my chance and took it, heading straight into the deepest part of the jungle without looking back. I slammed through the underbrush of thorn and palmetto, through knee-deep bogs that stank of dead animals, through dense clouds of stinging red flies, until the sun was down and darkness closed in. Then I climbed into the crotch of a big ceiba tree and stretched out on my belly along a fat limb. I couldn't sleep, being too watchful, but it's impossible to travel at night in that jungle without flashlights. Eventually I dozed off half-awake, restless, dreaming, ready to run or fight at every sound, the screaming jaguar, wild dogs growling over a kill, monkeys suddenly gibbering at you from somewhere nearby. Among all these noises my sleeping mind listened warily for more familiar sounds. . . .

I dreamed I was back in the tree, ready to top it, when I looked across the jungle treetops and saw the white strip of beach along the near side of a small island in the middle of the Maroni River. Some women were swimming in a lagoon, and they seemed to be naked. On the beach were several others, and they *were* what they seemed to be: naked women. The dream was only a memory, I had actually seen this from one tall mahogany, watching the distant women, imagining far more than I could see. These were not forest Indians but white women, wives of prison officers and merchants of the colony. In my dream I saw all this again, and awoke clutching the limb of the ceiba, thinking it was Jeanne. . . .

The first light was filtering through the treetops and I faintly heard the distant song of hounds. I stayed in the ceiba and listened as the baying grew louder. It

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was the deep-throated blood-cry of hounds on the scent. You can't get away from bloodhounds without complicated preparations. I was already resigned to going back to Devil's Island, but I was puzzled. I knew the prison policy was to forget prisoners who got away into the jungle, unless they were political. Why bother? The odds against the poor devil were enormous. If he wanted to go that way, even the officials were willing he should try—after a few blasts from the riot gun to slow him down. Since I wasn't political, why make an exception of me?

It was Lieutenant Lefevre who followed the pack up to my tree. Behind him came a squad of guards with fixed bayonets. If he'd been alone I believe he'd have shot me, but I was unarmed and a squad of witnesses were on hand, so he had to march me back alive.

"You die hard!" he said as I climbed out of the tree.

"Better luck next time," I answered.

I felt the swagger-stick again, and this time the thin bamboo cut across the mark he left a year before, that day in the barracks. The blood trickled down my cheek. Lefevre watched it with a look in his eyes other men give to "French" postcards. "Where do you hurt most, you swine," I was thinking as I gritted my teeth and strained to say nothing, do nothing. "When I find out where you really hurt, I'll make you *sing*!"

The penalty for attempted escape was three years in the bear pits, solitary cells with nothing but a bench for sitting and sleeping, two wooden buckets (one for food), a stinking blanket, and four dirty concrete walls to look at. No roofs on these pits, but each was covered by an iron grillwork, and above this the guards patrolled a catwalk. High above this labyrinth of grill-topped concrete pits a roof of corrugated iron kept out the cooling rain, stored the day's equatorial heat like an oven, and hid the sky from us.

My three years in the bear pits began with a beating from Lefevre while six other guards held me for him. This wasn't new, but it was a bad one, breaking my nose and left collar bone and cutting me up around the head. He damn near killed me before he was through, but I didn't know it then because I didn't wake up till many hours later. He started around sunset, just after the commandant, Colonel Marchand, sentenced me to the bear pits for the usual three years. The lieutenant and his squad escorted me to my cell. There he began with a club, shifting to bare knuckles after he had me bleeding pretty well. I lost consciousness after about half an hour, when I couldn't roll my head with the punches any more and one of them knocked me out. Maybe he kept on a while after that, I don't know, I woke up at sunrise. I didn't realize it was day because I couldn't see. My eyes were swollen shut, and only a dim red light came through. I thought he'd blinded me, but the next day I could open both eyes a little, and I knew I'd be all right.

I made my second escape not long after this. You begin losing your mind as soon as you start solitary confinement. With no one to talk to, you begin talking to yourself. Soon you're answering yourself. Many of the grill-topped cells were birdcages for lunatics, and they were seldom quiet. They wailed like ghosts, howled

in strange agonies, laughed heartbrokenly and sang mad songs, commanded regiments under fire, tore their enemies apart with bare hands, made wild conquering love to legions of imaginary women, or cursed quietly and steadily hour after hour in their concrete graves.

After a few weeks of this I took to singing. It helped drown out the crazy noises around me. One day I found myself walking up and down my cell singing, and I thought I'd lost my mind at last. There's nothing much wrong with singing, but this song was *La Marseillaise*, and it's funny to think of a French prisoner singing the French national anthem in solitary confinement on Devil's Island. Anyhow, I thought it was funny, so I kept on singing it, chorus after chorus, laughing as I sang, and it got funnier and funnier until I must have been raving insanely. When a guard walked over my cage and yelled Shut up! he became part of the joke, and I laughed and sang on. It seemed to me the other solitaries joined me singing and laughing until the bear pits rang and echoed with noise.

We were beaten after that. I woke up in the hospital in a ward with some of the other solitaries. Luckily it was morning and the doctor was still sober. He sewed up my scalp while I was unconscious from the beating, and when I woke up and saw the other solitaries, I knew they'd sung along with me. This made me nervous. I considered most of those prisoners hopeless maniacs. I'd listened to their ravings day and night for weeks, heard them singing no more crazily than I had sung *La Marseillaise*, laughing like a loon and striding up and down my pit like a dumb animal, a hyena, an ass. . . .

Convinced I was losing my mind, I began to panic. I had to get out of there. I climbed out of bed and walked down the ward looking at the barred windows, the guards at each end of the ward. . . . I tried the latrine. A barred window. I was about to leave when a guard came in, leaving the door at this end of the ward unwatched for a moment.

I left the guard at the trough and went back into the ward. Through the open door at the end I could see the doctor's Mercedes. Like a cat sighting a bird, I saw the ignition key in the dashboard switch! In two strides I was out the door.

I swung in behind the wheel, stepped on the clutch, switched on the ignition, pressed the starter button, and groaned in the empty silence. I didn't bother to try anything else. The escape was finished.

The guard was already at the door, leveling his riot gun at me. "*Don't move!*" he said. His voice was shaky, and I was afraid he'd scare himself into shooting, so I didn't move. He called other guards, and they called the captain of the guard, who happened that day to be Lieutenant Lefevre. He seemed glad to see me. He smiled, looking at the scars on my face, perhaps identifying the ones he put there. I wondered if I could control myself any longer. If not, death might come easy. . . .

Lefevre and a squad took me back to the bear pits, and again he worked me over with the help of his men. Blow after blow, I took it, thinking, *Wait! Survive! Survive!* But I couldn't wait. With a great surge of strength I threw off the guards and lunged at Lefevre, driving a fist like a battering ram into his gut. My hand went in up to the wrist. As he dropped, I slugged him twice alongside his left ear, driving him down hard. Then his guards were all over me again, hitting me with everything they had, but now I hardly felt their blows. I bashed my knuckles in their faces till the blood splashed, I kicked them where it hurt and stomped them, but in the end they were too many.

Luckily I'd knocked Lefevre out, or I know he'd have killed me then and there. As it was I woke in my cage almost happy because I could feel pain. The dead can't suffer.

During my three years in the bear pits, Lefevre wasn't the only guard who abused us. They spat on us as they walked above. They threw garbage and human waste from the catwalks into our pits through the overhead grilles, and this they did mostly at night when we were sleeping. It scared us awake, and it made them laugh. I remember my dead friend Vic used to tell me stories about his wartime duty as a guard in a POW camp for Germans. It puzzled me how he could have done the things he said, but it didn't bother me then. I was too full of war memories myself, the Argonnes, Belleau Wood, and then Berlin after the Armistice! But here in the bear pits I began to understand my dead friend. A little late. . . .

While Lefevre wasn't the only guard officer who beat up the solitaires, he was the one who showed up most often. And when he did, he usually came straight to my cell.

But he disappeared towards the end of my three years' solitary. When he was due to stand captain of the guard one day, he wasn't there. It was hard to get news in the bear pits, and about the time I was sure he'd fallen into a sewer, he returned. With him came the first woman I'd seen since the day I disembarked from the prison ship at Cayenne.

A party of officers from a nearby French colony—I think it was Martinique—brought their ladies in pretty dresses on a tour of the prison, including the bear pits. Guards told us an inspection was due, made us shower and shave and clean our cells, gave us clean blankets, and pulled tarpaulins over the pits of the really bad cases. When the party came, the guards stood over us with riot guns ready to make sure we kept a respectful silence.

Lieutenant Lefevre was among the party, and he had a young woman with him. At first I took her for a familiar Parisian type like my Jeanne, but then I wasn't sure. The group was led by Colonel Marchand, drunk and skittery on his feet. His fat wife was with him, red-faced and bleary-eyed, looking like him except for the beard. Weary old Captain Boucher walked behind the commandant, at the head of the junior officers. His wife looked like the old madam she was said to be. Prisoners claimed she ran a house in Cayenne just for enlisted men, who weren't allowed to marry. It was said that many of Madame Boucher's hustlers were thrill-hungry wives of impotent army officers.

Some of the younger officers had good looking women, pale blue-eyed blondes from Brittany, bright little curly-haired brunettes from southern France, some Roman types. But Lefevre's wife was breath-taking. He'd married her in Paris while on furlough. She was a big redhead like some of the Norman girls from home. Mme. Lefevre was the kind of woman you'd look at a long, long time before you'd feel the need to touch. It would take the eyes forever to tire of looking. I used to feel that way about Jeanne. . . .

The sun was setting when the party of visitors stopped on the catwalk over our cages. Looking down at us, the ladies held perfumed handkerchiefs to their delicate noses because the place stank like a gigantic outhouse on a hot day.

I watched Lefevre and his wife from my pit. They were just above me and to my right. I stood wrapped in a blanket, naked under it of course, and I could see Madame Lefevre's leg above her knee. The sunset's level rays, shooting under the edge of the wide tin roof

above us all, flooded through her dress and lighted up the pinkness of her thighs. She was tall for a woman, standing up to Lefevre's shoulder, and he was my height. But she was built for it, big in the right places and strong-thighed like a peasant. Flaming tongues of hair curled about her wide white forehead and tumbled over her bare shoulders. I stared at her like a country boy when he sees the woman who's to be his first.

The commandant was giving his guests a speech about the bear pits—how these dangerous criminals were only put in solitary to protect us from ourselves. . . . The guards watched us closely, guns ready. I wondered if these fine ladies believed the commandant. I thought Mme. Lefevre seemed puzzled by what the old drunk was saying and what she saw: men in cages.



She looked over the pits, at the solitaires, one by one. When her eyes came to my pit she looked down at me and her deep blue eyes held mine. I was sickly pale and thin from three years in that pit without sunshine, weakened by dysentery all the time, shaken by fevers, rotting from scabies and scurvy.

Mme. Lefevre tugged her husband's arm, whispering to him. He looked down at me, then at her, shrugged, and said something in a low voice.

She tossed her head like a red-maned filly and turned away from him, saying very clearly, "*Pardon, mon colonel!*" The commandant stopped speaking and gave her his attention. She went on, "Won't you let me talk to one of the prisoners? I'd love to ask this one a few questions!"

"*Je regrette*, my dear Ninon," the commandant replied with a pot-bellied little bow. "It is impossible. I would be court-martialed. But if you're really curious about this prisoner, your husband knows him better than I do."

Lieutenant Lefevre started to say "Please forgive my . . ."

"*Tiens!*" the commandant interrupted him. "It is a woman's right to be curious, my boy, their right, their weakness, and their charm. It is I who beg your wife's forgiveness, that being a mere colonel I haven't the power to change the rules." He tried bowing again and stumbled slightly against the catwalk guard-rail.

Our visitors left us then. Ninon Lefevre shoved her husband's hand aside when he tried to take her arm.

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He was red-faced and sweating. I watched the movement of Ninon Lefevre's body as she swung along the catwalk, high-heeled and very French. I knew I'd never forget her, only wondered if she'd remember me.

My time in the pits was up a month later. That was the hardest month. The woman had got into me. Ninon Lefevre. She shared the bench I slept on every night, and by day she undressed for me a thousand times. She was in my blood and bone. . . . Remembering what an old prisoner in the barracks had told me about the hundreds of willing wives in Cayenne, the bored women of the colony's businessmen and army officers, I wondered about Ninon. Did she too make use of the *libérés* like slaves in ancient Rome? How many lovers did she have? She looked like too much for Lefevre.

When I left the bear pits, I had finished four years of my 10-year sentence, counting that first year lumberjacking. I still had six years to go before I'd be eligible for life as a *libéré* in Cayenne. But after what I'd seen the day Ninon Lefevre and the other officers' wives visited the bear pits, a six-year wait was too long. I wanted action. The memory of Ninon's thighs where the lowering sun shone through her dress as she stood over me on the catwalk above my cage was like a vision always before my eyes, and my mind was filled with wild thoughts, crowded with dreams of naked women, hundreds of them in the bedrooms and gardens of Cayenne.

Cayenne was the road to freedom. There the women were. And it was said a *libéré* could do a lot with them.

If I behaved like a model prisoner for six years I'd become a *libéré* according to the rules. But there was a quicker way to Cayenne. Transport work, pulling oars in the whaleboats between the islands, driving the garbage routes of the town . . .

I was underweight and weak when I came out of the bear pits, so they let me rest up around the barracks a

few days. I'd been a good prisoner for three years in the pits, except for that little breakdown at the beginning. If there's one thing good about living through three years of solitary, it gets you a little seniority. I was no longer a recruit. I was allowed my choice of labor, within reason, and when I came before the commandant for assignment to duty, I told him, "I'd like to drive truck again, like I did in Paris. Could you get me on the garbage detail? I know those Mack trucks like I know myself!"

Colonel Marchand looked into my face as if he could read my mind, but he said with a good-natured chuckle, "All right, Moulin, but escape is almost impossible, you know." He was leaning back in his swivel chair behind the big mahogany desk in his office, drinking cognac and water. I stood before him, and I didn't try to avoid his eyes or hide the truth. He knew damn well I'd escape again sooner or later. He was just telling me frankly, man to man, that escape was almost impossible. Of course it was. Many tried, but 99 out of every 100 died on the way out, shot in the back by guards, stung by poisonous snakes, devoured by cannibal Indians or by jaguar, drowned or mangled by sharks, dead of almost any fever you'd care to name. As for the strange route of the willing wives, which I had chosen, I don't think it ever crossed the old man's mind that I had nerve enough to try it. Why is it most men think big men are dumber than they truly are?

The commandant was sure I'd try some way. He could be that sure of almost any prisoner. He went on, "Don't be a fool, Moulin. In six years you'll be a *libéré*, and as such you can do anything anyone can in Cayenne, except leave it of course. But it's not so bad. I've served in worse places, my boy. Believe me, Cayenne is paradise compared to the easiest Sahara post! I've stood reveille in most of them! Forget Paris! Forget the outside world! You can make a good life as a *libéré* if you're careful. But make one mistake while you're on this garbage detail, and it's back to the bear pits and the walls for life—no second chance at Cayenne. . . . You may return to your barracks now. You're relieved from duty until called for the garbage detail. You'll start as driver with two helpers. I understand the boys make a little something in tips from the housewives, which we don't mind. Just don't let a housewife complain about you. And take my advice, Moulin, better a live *libéré* than a dead man free! Dismissed!"

Cognac made the old drunkard talkative, but what he said made sense. But I didn't intend to take his advice.

Guards marched me back to the barracks, where I lay on my canvas strip and thought it over. One mistake, back to solitary. Trusties don't get second chances. On the other hand, driving a garbage truck around Cayenne for the next six years wasn't a bad job. Except for one thing: After that, I'd have to stay in Cayenne for the rest of my life. Why wait to become a *libéré*?

I started driving about a week after this, an old American Mack that roared and rattled like a tank. I had two helpers, one on the ground and one in the truck, both old trusties, toothless, scrawny, wrinkled, and half-drunk on cane juice.

At first I stayed in the cab like a good boy and just watched. My route in the morning ran through a part of Cayenne where most of the prison officers and merchants had their homes. One of them would be Lieutenant Lefevre's. . . .

I saw *libéré* house-servants trimming hedges, washing windows, driving cars. Now and then I'd see one of the army wives lying in a front porch hammock

under a mosquito netting, sucking through a straw on a tall glass of iced wine while a *libéré* fanned her.

At night when I returned to the prison (only full *libérés* were allowed to sleep in Cayenne), I hung around with the other garbage truckers. Some of them were old-timers on this job and knew a lot of stories about these army wives. I listened closely to everything about life in Cayenne, and the tales they told made my crime look like an apple theft. There was the story of the handsome young *libéré* who got to know so many of Cayenne's 700 housewives that one of them shot him to death when she found out he was untrue to her. He was the fourth *libéré* she had killed. There was the wife who bore a *libéré's* child, and the officer husband raised it as his own rather than make his disgrace public. He paid for the *libéré's* passage on a boat to Africa. There were women in Cayenne who kept several young *libérés* around the house as studs, a private male harem. And most of these several hundred wives treated their *libérés* like Roman slaves, using the whip for punishment, the bed for reward. But throughout all this, the *libérés* themselves were collecting their escape money, tips from the housewives, maybe a little blackmail, petty thefts, working towards the day when they'd have enough to buy their ticket to freedom. The risk they ran was terrifying: one mistake and back to the bear pits and prison for life. Most of them lost their gamble, returned to the walls in despair, often tried to crash out later and were shot, or killed themselves.

There were only three ways out of Devil's Island for the life prisoner: the poisonous jungle, the sea of storms and man-eating sharks, or Cayenne. Having tried the jungle, I would have tried the sea, but then I saw Ninon, and afterwards it had to be Cayenne. For I meant to have this woman, and through her my revenge on Lefevre for every scar he gave me. And then freedom—if I lived.

I drove the garbage truck and watched every house we passed, every day. I dared not ask. Why should a trusty want to find Lieutenant Lefevre's house? It was risky to ask even a *libéré*—or especially a *libéré*—for a man would sell out his best friend to the officers if it did him any good, got him a few francs, or won him a privilege.

The work was good for me, and after the first week I knew I was gaining weight and strength. I knew the town now in a general way. I was on speaking terms almost with some of the *libérés* and Negro housemaids who came out to the roadway with cans of garbage. I talked to other *libérés* who serviced the officers' elegant homes: ice men, radio repairmen, auto mechanics, plumbers. I picked up a lot of gossip and a few facts.

The second week a young housewife called after my truck when I'd already passed her house. I backed up. Here it comes, I thought, this is it! My first break!

"I'm very sorry," she said. She was a pretty little bird-like blonde, about 25, and she looked into my eyes like a woman who never pulls down the bedroom blinds. "My maid went to market without putting out the garbage. I didn't know until you'd gone by. . . ."

"I'm glad you caught me," I said. "Could I trouble you for a drink of water?" I started to open the door of the cab. Her blouse was half-unbuttoned, and the swelling curve of her bosom showed clearly.

"Of course," she said. "Follow me. It's very hot today, isn't it?"

I climbed down from the cab and walked after her up a driveway to the rear of her house, my eyes on the swing of her hips, and she swung them like a pendulum. She wore tight full-length trousers like a bullfighter's, and they were flesh-colored.

She politely asked me to wait at the screen door. I did. She brought out the glass of water. I thanked the little lady, drank the glass of water, thanked her again, and tore my eyes away. My knees were shaking so hard I stumbled in the driveway walking back to the truck. When I got behind the wheel my hands were shaking and wet.

I drank a lot of water that week and the next, wherever I could get next to the lady of the house. There was a curly-haired brunette with green eyes like a cat's, the young wife of a guard captain. And another captain's Spanish Gypsy wife from Morocco, only 19 but wild as a Berber. There were others, but these were the first three to offer more than a glass of water.

The little blonde's name was Jacqueline, and the only thing small about her was her height. Otherwise she was built big enough for a girl twice as tall. I thought she was prettier than a movie star, but by then I'd been woman-hungry so long that most of them looked good. The way Jacqueline worked things out was clever.

One morning she came out to the truck with her garbage pail and said, "I've had to fire the maid. I'll try to get the bucket out in time in the mornings, but if I'm late will you just step to the back of the house and knock, please? I'd consider it a great service!" She slipped a few francs into my hand, smiled like the sunrise, and pressed my fingers lightly as she drew her hand away.

It began the following morning. No garbage bucket. I switched off the ignition and swung out of the cab. I told my two helpers, "Make a noise if you see anything I should know. This may take a few minutes." And I started up the driveway thinking, "You could be wrong, Moulin. A dumb trucker like you could very easily be *dead* wrong!"

I knocked on the back porch door. The little blonde came out of her kitchen wearing a beach towel, and *that's all*.

She smiled and said, "Come in, please. The bucket's in the kitchen."

I opened the screen door and stepped onto the back porch. She stood in the kitchen doorway, still smiling, but now it was more like a grin. I edged past her in the doorway saying, "Excuse me!" as I sidled through, almost brushing against her.

"Oh!" she suddenly cried out, but softly.

I was in the kitchen now, so I turned to see. . . . She stood in the doorway, the beach towel on the floor, cupping her bosom in her hands and half-huddling as if to hide.

"Please excuse me!" I muttered. I stooped and picked up the towel and held it out to her. Fear and desire shook me like a man with fever. My whole body ached. But I waited. I was scared. Three years in the bear pits put the fear of God into you.

Instead of taking the towel, she said, "Put it around me!" She came closer, her arms fell to her sides, and she looked up at me with the question in her eyes. I dropped the towel, and my hands went wild and refused to come away.

In a few minutes I was out in the truck again and driving my route like a man with a ball of opium in his belly. More than a few minutes was impossible, someone would be sure to notice the truck standing too long. I'd been with Jacqueline only long enough to whet the edge of my desire like a fine-honed razor.

Again the next morning. A few wild moments, fumbling and quick, maddening, drawing nerves out thin . . .

It was like that with the other two, the curly-haired

brunette and the Spanish-Gypsy, and inside a few weeks there were others. The brunette sent her *libéré* houseman out to the truck to bring me in, and she made him stand sentry while I was there. Later she made him drive my truck around part of the route so I could spend more time with her. The *libéré* was nasty about it, complaining to me afterwards each time. She was giving me money that belonged to him, he claimed. He'd worked for her three years, done things no self-respecting man would do, and now she treated him like a dog. She didn't give me much money, but little by little I was building a small fund. She wasn't the only giver.

Though most of the women liked to see me in my wooden shoes, the Spanish-Gypsy didn't. She gave me some money to buy regular shoes, and I did, but I wore them only to her house. I brought up the matter of shoes to some of the other women, and a few of them gave me money to buy footwear. I wore the one pair I'd bought, and put the rest of the money in my fund.

The *libéré* housemen hated me. Of course there was nothing they could do. The Spanish-Gypsy told hers, "You be deaf, dumb and blind, like the monkeys, see? If my friend Bobo get bad luck, I send you back, understand?" He understood. A complaint from her, the bear pits for him. As long as I had the women pulling for me, I was safe—unless one of them found out about the others . . .

But some of these women didn't care about the others, even introduced me to their friends. In time, it had to happen, I'd meet Ninon Lefevre or at least learn where she lived. Most of these women knew, and many times I almost asked one of them. I got to know one of their young Negresses, and I felt I could ask her. It took weeks to work up enough courage, but when I did it turned out she didn't know.

Though my route covered most of the officers' residential section, I was beginning to think Lieutenant Lefevre had his home in some other part of town. It could only be one of the hotels around the square, but they were ancient relics of early colonial days, now occupied mostly by cockroaches. I couldn't see Ninon Lefevre in one of those mildewed, cobwebby ruins. She'd want life around her to be as lively as bedsprings and champagne bubbles.

Sooner or later every one of my lady friends asked me to tell her my story. It was always the crime they wanted to hear about, never my life in prison. About my crime they'd ask me again and again, and some of them got very excited over it, the way our prison guards became when beating us. Others were very sympathetic, telling me Jeanne was a tramp, my friend Vic was a rat, and I was a hero. No, I didn't argue with them. What for? These women had no interest for me beyond the pleasure and money they could give me. And the fact that some of them knew what I wanted to know. If any one of them would let me talk about the prison, I thought every time, if they'd only let me get to the part about Lefevre! But these women were experienced and wary, they knew convicts, trusties and *libérés*, and they knew too many stories of revenge. If I was up to something, they didn't want to know about it.

But one afternoon while I was with the Spanish-Gypsy from Morocco, while we were taking a quick dip in the fountain of a little hidden garden behind her captain's house, she asked me to tell her about my crime. I did, very briefly, then went on with the rest, prison, lumberjacking, the bear pits. She didn't interrupt. She listened. I hurried on, telling her about Lieutenant Lefevre's brutalities. She still listened. Then I stopped. I said nothing of my plans, which were too general anyway.

Standing under the fountain, naked as a forest girl, she said, "The lieutenant is a friend of my husband. Every night in house with tramps, drinking, drinking!" She spat.

"Lefevre doesn't live around here," I said.

"But he does!" she said, rising from the fountain like a water nymph. I was already dressing. My toothless drunken old garbage handlers on the truck had started beating on tin cans, meaning I should get out front quick. I did, but not before I got what I wanted. Lieutenant Lefevre lived just around the corner.

I knew that gray and yellow house. I'd often noticed the smoking incinerator in its back yard, one of the few homes that burned their own garbage. I'd never even seen a *libéré* houseman around the house.

And now that I knew where my lieutenant and his wife lived, it was only a question of choosing the right time. The afternoon part of my route ran through the market, from the wholesale end to the retail, and during my rounds I often saw ship's cooks buying supplies, for the market edged the waterfront. I got on speaking terms with some of them, eventually finding out which ships they came from. The one I wanted was a small Greek freighter that flew the Panamanian flag and ran between South America and Africa, making Cayenne every five weeks with a few coastal passengers. Through the ship's cook in the market, I got to the captain of the vessel. It took weeks, and in the end he agreed to take me as a passenger only if I could come aboard his ship in broad daylight with no guards chasing me.

"One thousand francs to Belem," he said. "Bring it with you!"

I had that much figured already, except the price. That was pretty steep. I told my lady friends I needed money to pay off a guard who was threatening to get me kicked off the garbage truck, and they all came through very willingly. But it still wasn't enough. I had to wait a few more weeks, then try again, this time with a story about a private cell I could have at night in the prison if . . . The officer who ran this racket happened to be Lieutenant Lefevre, and I could have got about as close to one of those private cells as Al Capone to a bank vault, even if I could have paid the graft. Anyway, I got the money from several of the girls, and by now I had enough.

I don't think I had much time left as a trusty, because Lefevre had been working on the commandant ever since I got the trucking job, and I knew he meant to get me off it. He'd frame me if he had to, and if he could think of a way.

I had the money. The Greek freighter was tied up at the dock. She was due to sail at noon, October 20, 1933, for Belem and Dakar. I was ready.

That morning I drove my rounds as usual, but I stopped only to pick up garbage. Little blonde Jacqueline came out and asked me to stay a moment, but I told her I was being watched. She said no more. The same story worked with the others.

The sun was moving high towards noon when I stopped the truck in front of the gray and yellow house which I'd known for some weeks now was Lefevre's



home. I left my two helpers on the truck with a flask of cane juice and went through a hedge gate, up a flagstone walk across a croquet lawn, and I was on the wide verandah before I saw the woman lying there in a big net hammock at the shady end under a canopy of crimson bougainvillea.

She was asleep. One long white leg hung down from the hammock so her bare toes touched the cool tiled floor. Her arms were flung back and her hands clasped behind her head in a mass of fire-red hair that tumbled down across her bare chest, half-hiding it. Her lips were parted in a sleeping smile. Her body glistened moistly in the sultry heat of coming noon.

Inside my prison grays I was a man on fire. Sweat poured down my head and body, soaking the uniform. I felt like a giant alone in an empty place where all eyes can see him, standing feet apart and arms spread, hands grasping . . . I held my breath. This was the moment I had waited and worked for. Here, and now I could strike Lefevre where he hurt most, seize his woman! Each scar on my face and body demanded revenge. I went slowly towards her, quietly, until I could reach out and take her.

She opened her eyes, at first frightened. But then she didn't cry out or even move. She watched my face, and there was no fear in her eyes now. They remembered me from that day in the bear pits. Neither of us spoke. There was no need. She could see what I was going to do, but she only lay there waiting, watching me. The blue of her eyes deepened. Her lips parted. She moved over in the hammock to make room, then stopped, eyes widening in sudden alarm, staring past me. She quickly grabbed a sheet and clutched it to her.

My two helpers must have been asleep, or Lieutenant Lefevre got to them before they could bang out an alarm. Or maybe he was nearby all the time. He stood now at the open end of the verandah, snappy as ever in his well pressed uniform, moustache tips waxed and carefully twisted upward. He was four paces away from me, smiling, and he held a 9-mm. Luger in his hand.

I moved in low and fast.

He fired once, missed, and I was almost on him. His second shot slammed into the heavy muscle of my left shoulder, throwing me off balance so I crashed into him, knocking down his gun hand with my right

fist. His third shot ricocheted off the tiles, and his gun bounced across the floor. He swung a long right upper-cut, but before it got halfway I hit him with a flock of short right jabs to the jaw, and a final solid one to knock him out.

I heard the garbage truck start up and grind away in low gear.

Ninon was on her feet now, holding the sheet around her with one hand and the Luger in her other. I didn't think she'd shoot.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. Her voice was level as if she'd asked me the time of day and was sure I'd know it. She hadn't even thought of shooting.

"Get inside!" I told her. She held the door open while I dragged Lefevre into the living room.

She hurried past me through another doorway. "In here!" she said. I followed her into the bedroom, hauling Lefevre with me on into the bathroom.

The doorbell rang. We looked at each other.

"It's up to you," I said. I held out my hand. "Give me the gun!"

She handed it to me and started to pull on a robe.

"What shall I tell them?" she asked.

"They heard the shots," I said. "They want to know who fired them and why. Say the garbage truck driver got fresh with you but your husband came home in time and scared him away, firing a few shots after the convict as he drove away in the truck. Say there's no need for alarm, the driver will have to go back to prison by nightfall, and your husband will see that he gets the bear pits. Then invite them to visit you tonight and meet your brother, Lieutenant Chevalley from Dakar. Got that?"

The doorbell rang again, long and insistently. She went to answer it.

I left the bathroom door open and turned on the shower. Lefevre lay on the floor asleep. I took off my jacket and rummaged through the bathroom's medicine cabinet for cotton, gauze, iodine, and maybe something to probe that 9-mm. slug out of my shoulder. It wasn't in too deep, didn't feel like it struck bone.

I heard Ninon's voice and another woman's at the front door. I soaked a bit of cotton in iodine and poked it into the bullet hole, shocking the broken nerves so they writhed like barbed wires in my flesh. I folded gauze into a pad and wrapped it around my shoulder with strips. Then I got busy undressing Lefevre. He groaned weakly. I tapped him with the butt of the Luger and went ahead taking off his clothes. The woman at the door said *Au revoir*. The door closed, but the bell rang again immediately. I heard a man's voice, then Ninon's answering him. I hurried.

Lefevre's uniform was a little tight, but it fit me. I shoved the Luger into its holster, put on Lefevre's cap, then took his gold wristwatch and signet ring and put them on. The watch said half an hour till noon.

The front door clicked. Ninon came back into the bedroom, stopped and stared, and then laughed. She stood with hands on hips, robe parted and falling off her shoulders, laughing that throaty, bedroom laugh I loved in Jeanne until I heard her laughing with another man.

But Ninon was laughing at me in uniform, and I admit that's funny. "It'll get me out of Cayenne," I explained.

In five minutes I had Lieutenant Lefevre dressed in my prison grays. He came awake as I tugged him about, but he was too groggy to know what was happening. Meanwhile Ninon packed two bags, one for herself, one with her husband's things.

I stood Lefevre on his feet, jammed the floppy prison

straw hat over his head to hide most of his face, and told him what he had to do.

"Listen, Lefevre, you're a convict when we leave the house, understand? You'll carry two suitcases from here to the docks." He started to speak. I slapped him across the mouth. "Shut up! And remember, I'm walking behind you with a gun."

We left the house at 15 minutes before noon. The docks were six blocks away. We went by a back street to avoid the market, but we were noticed several times on the way—first in Lefevre's own street by persons who looked out their windows, later by gendarmes at a distance, but all they saw was Mme. Ninon Lefevre walking with a man in French army uniform and a trusty in prison gray carrying two suitcases.

We reached the gangway of the *S.S. Maimonides* at 12 noon. Lefevre hesitated at the foot of the gangway, but I jabbed him in the back and told him, "Keep moving, or you're a dead man!" At the top a seaman stood watch. "The captain expects me," I said.

But the captain had already seen us and was hurrying down from the bridge, looking anxiously along the dock. He recognized me despite the uniform and cap, and he remembered. This was the day. It was broad daylight, like he'd said, and no guards were chasing me. There'd be a thousand francs . . .

"Follow me!" he said nervously, scurrying along the deck and fumbling among his keys. He unlocked a cabin and went in, saying, "Come, come!"

"Carry the bags inside, boy!" I told Lefevre. He went in, and I followed Ninon, closing the door behind. It was crowded in there.

"You don't tell me nothing about the woman!" the captain whined. "And this convict! And why you are dress like officer, ha?"

"Captain," I said, "you go back up to your bridge and stop worrying and tell your crew to move out, and you won't have any trouble. But if you don't do just that, there'll be bullets flying all over this boat. At least one man will get killed before me, and you won't get your money. I think you'd better hurry, because they might come any time now . . ."

The captain grumbled something in Greek and left the cabin. I locked the door after him.

Ninon sat on the bunk. I took off the army hat and tossed it to her. Lefevre stood watching me.

"All right," I said, "here's your chance, lieutenant."

"You've got the gun!" he said.

"It's in its holster. I don't need it now. Don't be afraid."

"You take me for a fool!"

"I mean it, I don't need the gun. This is your chance!"

"Liar!"

"I don't deny it. Do you admit you're a coward?"

"I don't want to die . . ."

"I'm not a killer, Lefevre! You're going back on the pilot boat—alone unless you can take me!"

He turned to his wife. "Ninon! You've got to come back with me!"

"Why?" she asked simply.

"You forget you're my wife!" Lefevre shouted.

"You forgot it long ago," she snapped back. "You never even knew it in the first place!" She stood up now, and I thought she'd hit him. "Pig!" she spat.

There was a knock on the door.

I opened it a crack. A French immigrations man stood outside.

"The prisoner will have to leave before the ship sails," he said, saluting when he saw my uniform.

"I'm sending him back on the pilot boat with my wife," I replied. "He's a trusty, he works for me."

"Thank you, sir," immigrations said, and left.

I closed the door. The captain called fore and aft to cast off. Engine room bells clanged, the ship trembled and rumbled, and we were on our way.

After a few minutes we went on deck. The docks were several hundred yards away by now. Cayenne shimmered under the noonday sun. My garbage truck should be pulling into the prison yard about now. The alarm would be sounded soon.

We cleared the outer channel, and the pilot climbed over the side to take the boat back. He was a retired naval captain, very busy smuggling as he ran in and out of the harbor.

"Over the side, Lefevre!" I said, when the pilot had gone over the gunwale.

He put one leg over, stopped, and said to Ninon, "He'll leave you in the next port . . ."

"But I'll enjoy the voyage so much, my dear!" she said. She laughed that rich, womanly laugh with the bedroom sound, and that was the last Lefevre heard from her.

We saw him talking frantically to the old naval captain as the little pilot boat bobbed in our wake, heading back to Cayenne. The old pilot listened, looked back towards us, and tossed us an easy salute.

The escape siren sounded then, and I returned the pilot's courtesy. We were beyond the three-mile limit before a cutter could be sent out to intercept the *S.S. Maimonides*, now on her way to Belem at the mouth of the Amazon. Thanks to the many willing wives of Devil's Island, I had the thousand francs passage money . . .

But of course the captain demanded another thousand for Ninon.

"Take the thousand," I told him, "and be happy. We're just using one cabin, and I'll pay for the extra meals. If this doesn't satisfy you, turn around and take us back to Cayenne . . ."

That did it. I doubt if he ever went back to Cayenne.

We stayed on deck all night, with a mattress and a pillow, lying in the forepeak and looking at the stars. You could see the Southern Cross. My first night of freedom I wasn't spending inside a cabin. Or asleep.

Of course, we talked a little. Maybe too much, come to think of it. I remember Ninon asking me: "Bobo, what if I hadn't gone along with you back there in Cayenne, what were you going to do?" At the moment she was prying that 9-mm. slug out of my shoulder.

"You mean to get away? . . . I'd figured on taking one of the lieutenant's uniforms. When he showed up, I decided to trade him. He made a pretty good coolie . . ."

"What I mean," Ninon explained, "you weren't just going to take one of his uniforms. You had something else in mind, didn't you? Something involving me . . .?"

"Well, that's behind us now," I said. "What happened is better than what I was going to do . . . But I admit you surprised me when you went along so easy. Why did you?"

"Oh," she said, and she laughed that bubbly laugh again, "you were the first to ask me!"

END

RAMPAGE OF THE BAMBOO BATTLESHIP

(Continued from page 39)

cave to wait. At dusk, gunfire rumbled beyond the horizon and the gunner saw the flashes reflected in the sky. It was heartening in a way to know that there were still free men in the living world left to fight, the Nebraskan nodded solemnly. Now, he thought, I'd like my share of it, Lord!

He was sleeping off a can of Jap spam and a cup of saki when the motors rumbled on the Timor Sound side. Grabbing a grenade bandolier, a tommygun and Cathorn's shoes, the Houston sailor silently quit his sanctuary and, like a cat stalking its prey, slowly wended his way through the deep kunai grass toward the beach.

There were twenty Imperial Japanese Marines in the new patrol.

From a vantage point high in a king palm, Lahay grimly watched them form a single fan-out rank and advance into the jungle. Using hand signals, they worked around slowly, changing position from time to time as they closed his ambush.

"*Wa doko desho ka ano?*" a Marine noncom growled balefully. Rough translation: *Where the hell are they*—meaning the enemy and doubtless their own men. The answer wasn't supplied until one of the Marines tripped over a Japanese corpse and then shrilled "*Abunai! Abunai!*"

They were all around him scooping fistfuls of dirt, cursing mutely and every so often the CPO heard "*Yankee s - !*" salted among the epithets. Stalking their dead down at the beachhead, the patrol withdrew toward the water where they made a campfire and posted a guard. Sporadic attempts to find the enemy they knew was there availed them nothing, and after two hours they gave up entirely. Now and then one of them would hold up his hand, head cocked tensely and whisper, "*Ane-nol Chotto*," and they would all fall silent for a minute clutching their guns and straining to peer into the black jungle, then relaxing again. Lahay smiled malevolently.

At thirty yards he had a perfect birds-eye view of the entire patrol. Soft flames silhouetted the oriental faces. Hunger panged acutely in his stomach as he watched them dig into their kits for the green beer and beef. And when he couldn't stand waiting any more, Frank Lawrence Lahay sent the sons of Heaven along their road to the next world. The bandolier of grenades came loose in his lap as he pulled himself into a clear throwing position on the limb.

"*Away we go, creeps!*" the sailor spat decisively as he pinned the grenade and watched it arc into space. "*Hey, hey for the Navy!*"

The sound of his voice turned them. The grenade bounced once among the center of them and as the first man screamed, a sudden searing flash turned the night into blinding day. The second, third, fourth and fifth pineapples completed the job with devastating thoroughness so that all that was necessary was for Lahay to climb down from the trembling palm and finish off the cripples with their own bayonets. Lahay then ate

the open beef, hoarded the rest of what he found and marched off with as much as he could carry.

The following morning brought a pleasant surprise.

"*Best luck to date!*" the CPO recorded in his Jap-American diary. "*Liberator took a turn over the island, spotted yours truly and dropped a medical kit. This life is beginning to agree with me. Hot dawg! No inspection, no regulations except a standing order to fix Japs . . .*"

The little graveyard on the coral island off Java continued to prosper. In one patrol wipeout, the American scourge found an expensive French timepiece, in another a straight razor, in another a bottle of toilet water and comb, and in the last a set of American-made dice. It was all a matter of time, though, Lahay realized, before they came in force and caught him.

Resolving to leave a good thing while he was still in one piece, the Chief Gunner set himself an immediate goal: given enough time, he could, it said in small print, hollow out a deep palm with fire and construct himself an outrigger canoe. The project was as ludicrously ambitious as were Japanese attempts to bring Lahay to bay. The demise of nearly 100 troops made one hell of a dent in Japanese face, as well as all desire to die in the jungles of the devil's own island. Their patrols became less and less frequent, and the more infrequent they became, the more Lahay worried about his string running out.

Near the end of his second month, Lahay's sixteen foot outrigger was ready. For a sail, the CPO stitched together a patchquilt of enemy skivvies for light winds, heavier sail of marine and soldier uniforms for dirty weather. It was all work and very little pleasure, but it kept his mind occupied and his hands busy, and for that Frank Lawrence Lahay was one grateful sailorman.

Arming the little sailboat with as much Jap steel as was possible to load in safety, the navy man patiently waited out his time for southwest breeze. That day started out like all the rest except that excitement pounded in his chest so hard, he couldn't see the real signs of violent weather. The Indonesian typhoon, much the same as the West Indian hurricane, begins with a low pressure front and oppressive barometric drop. Loading his delicate craft to the gunnels, the sailor hoisted his light sail that evening at dusk and with few regrets and a long look backward, kicked off for the next phase of his classic odyssey. Sailing until daybreak when the wind suddenly roared to gale force, Frank Lahay desperately clawed his main sheet as the splinterboat bounced through the troughs. One bounce too many. Under a green mountain of sea the outrigger swamped and Lahay, exhausted from the long fight, felt the concussive blast of the boom against the bottom of his neck and, mercifully, all the lights went out.

They stayed out for the better part of a week, during which time his luck apparently returned. Opening his eyes on brilliant sunshine, the sailor looked up into the face of a young girl. She crouched beside him wetting his forehead with damp palm leaves, a small, bronzed, semi-nude islander who told him with her eyes what the language barrier obscured. In sketchiest bamboosee, the Indonesian girl softly murmured:

"Man bad sick. Nada, Nada, me—" her finger touched her breast. The Navyman tried to concentrate on her words,

but the hut spun violently and the last he saw of her she was studying him out of six pairs of eyes. She was the nicest way to lose consciousness, the Nebraskan told himself as he went under. But the nicest *Nada* what, and from where? he thought as the blackness engulfed him again softly.

On June 1, 1942, two months after his ill-wind blew him to Ceram Sea, Frank Lahay, USN, a chief who knew his way around the Japs, experienced one emotion he never really expected for a beachcomber. Love came to Lahay with all the blinding impact of the tropic sun on white skin. It singed him deep and blistered his soul so that for a long time he wanted nothing of violence, but wanted only time to be alone with the girl Nada, daughter of an Indonesian fisherman who jogged between the islands on the fair tide.

Nada, the semi-nude sylph, became to Frank Lahay a new reason for living, and the more he was with her the more he wanted away from the Jap-occupied East Indies. As his love developed, the tall, tanned Nebraskan mastered the pidgin language so that the three of them—Nada, her father, T'reutlie, and he—could actually make each other understand.

"I believe it unwise to remain any longer," the American announced one day, eyeing the little bamboo sampan. "Papa T'reutlie, will you consent to leaving this place and sailing to the east where there are other men of my fleet?"

"If it makes Nada happy," the old man shrugged, "I sail to the next world."

"Could be," the Nebraskan scratched the place where his dungarees wore through. He stared at the girl as she dropped a piece of breadfruit into his mouth, munched thoughtfully and nodded. "Papa, let's try it! We've got everything to gain."

Silence long, loud and profound followed. *Lose, what to lose?* Lahay thought. Just three lives, not much by their standards, he shrugged and smiled at his companions. It amazed him how really lucky he was to have them both on his side. A long time before, Lahay had wondered about their reaction if he'd been Jap. The old man's answer was a single movement of a blade drawn across the throat. Understandable considering the rape of the Indies and the death of all their kin and their villages in Tanibar.

Then on June 9th, the Japanese fought the battle of the Slot, Savo Seas, and the sad result was a staggering ship loss (five cruisers) to the United States Navy. Thirty days later, the sampan was sailing with impunity into the Florida chain, the immunity of a sluggish sampan permitting the journey during daylight hours. The only time Japs hove to near them, the old man hid his daughter and Lahay in the bilges. The sampan wasn't worth a shell to the invader. Moreover, Rear Admiral Tanaka, victor of Savo, expressly ordered his ships to show partiality to native sampans. It was a precautionary measure, for the sluggish bamboo-sailed vessels could report to the Japs on the presence of American submarines patrolling the area.

The Japs even gave Papa T'reutlie a rifle and bandolier of grenades, plus green flares, to be used in the event of encounters with the hated Yankees. The old man's white-thatched head yawned complacently. Yessir, Japee, T'reutlie solemnly promised, sampan proudly be eyes and ears for Japee Navy. To underscore the point, the old man accepted the Jap

(Continued on page 58)

six year period, THE NUMBER OF WOMEN INVOLVED IN FATAL ACCIDENTS HAS INCREASED from 20 to 23 per 100,000 drivers, and in accidents not involving death, have climbed from 113 per 1,000 drivers to 135. On both scores, male involvement dropped sharply. . . . Some states are toying with the idea of affixing a special marker to the license plates of DRIVERS CONVICTED OF HITTING THE ROAD UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL. . . . LATEST GIMMICK TO KEEP CAR OWNERS FROM FALLING ASLEEP ON THE HIGHWAY



is called a "guardian halo," a metal ring that fits flush to the steering wheel. If driver's hand slips from the wheel, a horn blows in his ear and an electrical switch automatically sets the hand brake. . . .

ON THE MARKET

A BED, HOOKED UP TO A SPECIAL TIMING DEVICE, TURNS SOUND SLEEPERS INTO EARLY RISERS, lifts them gently but firmly into a sitting position, wide awake and ready to go. Is on sale in the Midwest, will be nationwide within a couple of months. . . . FOR THE BOOZER WHO WANTS A NEAT PORTABLE PACKAGE, there are one-shot foil containers of your favorite brand coming on the market in a few months, are already available in England. . . . KEEPING NUTS FROM LOOSENING UP IS A CINCH if you apply a liquid called Loctite (\$1 per tube) to the joint between nut and bolt. When dry, it locks the pair securely, can be separated with a mite extra pressure when required. . . . A SELF-POWERED SPRAY GUN, MINUS COMPRESSOR, TUBES AND ELECTRIC LINES, WILL SPRAY ANY LIQUID--lacquers, stains, all paints, lubricants, polishes, garden sprays, etc. Available as the Sprayon Jet-Pak, it gets its power from a replaceable can of propellant gas. . . . A FLUORESCENT LAMP THAT REQUIRES NO STARTER and can be plugged into the ordinary female socket has been developed. On the market within the year, it eliminates large metal casings and plastic fixtures. . . . ONE THICK COAT OF EXTERIOR PAINT IS LESS EFFECTIVE THAN EITHER ONE OR TWO THIN ONES.

Tends to dry improperly and will usually wrinkle. Also quick to blister. . . . IF YOU HAVE TO USE A STRIP OF SANDPAPER ON ROUND OR CARVED FURNITURE LEGS, back up the paper with adhesive or cellulose tape to prevent tearing. . . .

ROD AND RIFLE

If you ever lay your hands on A SWORD OR KNIFE MADE OF DAMASCUS STEEL, you've got the finest blade that was ever made. They're so tough they cut through other blades like they were made of aluminum foil. . . . Want the hunting thrill of a lifetime? Take off to one of four states --New Hampshire, Tennessee, California or North Carolina--where the FIERCE EUROPEAN BOAR abounds. Seasons and limits vary, so it's wise to check first with local Fish & Game Departments. NEW HAMPSHIRE, BY THE WAY, HAS A YEAR-ROUND BEAR AND BOAR SEASON. . . . TIP FOR THE HUNTER OR ANGLER WITH NO SENSE OF DIRECTION. When lost, don't panic, but sit down, relax, try to get your bearings, use your head, not your legs. In fog, storm or at



night, do nothing but make a shelter and collect dry firewood. Travel downhill and, if hurt, make a smoke signal--a big one. For all the dope, write the Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., ask for pamphlet No. 0-23, What to Do When Lost in the Woods. . . . Experts who should know, estimate that LESS THAN HALF THE ANGLERS AND HUNTERS EAT THEIR CATCH OR BAG, because they won't take the trouble to learn how to prepare it. Practically every sporting goods store and gun shop has several first-rate cook books. Buy one and get some of the taste kicks of a lifetime. . . . WHEN SUDDENLY IN NEED OF A REAR SIGHT FOR YOUR SHOTGUN, improvise one with a small line-guide from your fishing tackle. Tape it to the receiver with scotch tape. Adjust and zero in before going after the big ones

... SINCE MARLIN AND SWORDFISH HAVE THE INTERESTING HABIT OF SPEARING FLOATING OBJECTS, they've been caught in southern waters with nothing more than a stout line tied to a heavy plank ... No matter what anybody tells you, nobody ever saw a fox fish with his tail--but a leopard, yes.



Strokes it smoothly in the water as a lure, but lands his catch with a lightning swipe of his paw ...

JUST DATA

The latest inside information is that Curtiss-Wright will soon be in production with its AIR-CAR FOR USE OVER LAND AND WATER. Piston engine ejects air blasts, powers vehicle on a cushion of low pressure air that lifts car six to 12 inches off the surface ... DO-IT-YOURSELFERS, here's another reason why you better put those tools to more efficient use than collecting dust in a closet-- in 1958 Americans spent \$6 million on repair bills ... RUSSIANS SAY THEY HAVE A ROCKET DRILLER that will chew into the side of a mountain, digging dirt, stone and solid rock almost as fast as a man can walk behind it ... And THE WEST GERMANS ARE SECRETLY DEVELOPING A TWO-MAN SUBMARINE FOR POPULAR USE. Only 10 feet long, two models will be made, one selling for about \$3,400 and a simpler one for \$2,000. Should be on sale at the next National Motor Boat Show ... TO MEASURE OUTSIDE DIAMETER OF A PIECE OF PIPE, tighten a monkey wrench around it, remove and measure the gap with an ordinary ruler ... When a mortgage loan outfit offers you all kinds of dough on a second mortgage, but insists that you incorporate your property and home, watch out! Individuals in most states can't be charged much more than 6% interest, but with a corporation the sky's the limit ... TO FIT FLOOR TILES INTO ODD-SHAPED CORNERS, around posts and jutting projections, wrap a strip of wire solder around object tile is to be fitted to. When it conforms to exact shape, remove, lay wire form on tile and trace the outline you want to cut ... A PORTABLE TV SET CAN KILL YOU if handled the wrong way in damp areas like the bathroom or cellar ... A SOLAR BARBECUE GRILL is on the market. Called the Umbroiler, its umbrella-like reflector catches sun's rays and focuses them on grill. When sun is shining brightly, you can get a medium rare steak off it in 15 minutes. Costs \$29.95 ... SOME LAUNDRIES ARE TRYING OUT IDEA

OF RENTING SHIRTS. Rental runs a nickel a shirt per week, plus the cost of laundering, 25 to 30 cents ... If you're really interested in the authoritative dope on Alaska, write to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., and ask for the booklet Alaska. Send 20¢. It answers the most frequently asked questions, tells you where to address other queries ... When you buy a pair of shoes, do it in the afternoon if you want a good fit. Your feet swell as the day progresses ... Since even people on relief are taking the PLUNGE IN THE STOCK MARKET these days, before you get the urge, pick up a copy of "A Primer for Profit in the Stock Market," by Harry Kahn Jr. Even if he doesn't convince you to pull in your horns, you'll at least learn how to go about it the right way ... Scientists at Penn State University are working on idea to completely envelope whole buildings in glass envelope. Circulating air between envelope and building would be built-in weather controller. ... YOU EX-FLYBOYS EVER GET THE YEN TO OPEN YOUR OWN AIR TRANSPORT BUSINESS? Some \$827,000,000 WORTH OF PISTON-ENGINE AIRLINERS ARE GOING BEGGING FOR BUYERS since turbine-powered transports are entering airline service in increasing numbers. ... Do-it-yourself-identifrice: American Dental Association still maintains BEST TOOTH CLEANER IS ONE YOU MAKE YOURSELF OUT OF EQUAL PARTS OF TABLE SALT AND BAKING SODA. ... Ever hanker to build a pontoon bridge? Wrap sticks in pup-tent or pieces of canvas. Rope together a couple of these and you've got it made. ... Rolls of 20 pairs of DISPOSABLE PLASTIC GLOVES FOR PAINTING AND OTHER DIRTY WORK are on the market or will be shortly in your home town. ... Belgians put away more than 300 BILLION GALLONS OF BEER every year, an average of 33.79 gallons



per man, woman and child. Britishers rank second, Germans third ... If you're a winner at the track, keep your hand on that poke and stay in a crowd. Spotter's at the winner's window are lining up marks for muggers who hit when the victim is no longer under the watchful eyes of track dicks ... WHEN YOU PICK A FIGHT WITH A GENT WHO WALKS TALL, with his head tilted slightly back--watch out--because chances are he's got plenty of experience. Probably holds his head that way out of habit--dodging haymakers in the ring ...

ensign to be flown as the necessity demanded. It turned out to be, in a manner of speaking, a pure case of a Japanese tying his own noose.

During the next phase of the moon, disaster and victory both overtook Frank Lahay's bamboo navy of Savo Sea. After overhauling three Japanese barges and surprising them with death and fire, his armament increased in leaps and bounds. So did the price on his head. Disaster occurred in the case of raw tragedy when Papa T'reutlie and Nada took a pram ashore for water casks. They never returned. And Lahay found no evidence except a piece of the girl's sarong and some white hair. No blood, no flesh, no further trace other than a mass of Japanese bootprints and a place where one of them had been dragged.

Inconsolable grief plummeted the Chief Petty Officer to the depths of despair. Alone, he made deep treks inland, but never saw an enemy nor other islanders who might clue him to their whereabouts. After two weeks of fruitless searching, the white ghost of the islands hauled up his Jap flag and sailed toward Savo. On Florida Island he moved to a spring to fill casks and saw footprints. These he followed to three emaciated American sailors, and later a fourth, who filled him in on the war. The men were Signalman 2/c Thomas Bentley, Soundman 2/c Ray Nelson, Boilermaker 3rd Jeff Whitley and Yeoman 3rd Saul Lipman.

The sight of an American navyman in straw hat and paddy-coat carrying a Jap semi-automatic almost caused a war among the survivors.

"Don't you guys start throwin' things at me!" Lahay chuckled heaving down his gun. "I'm one of the guys off the *Houston*!"

"Joker's lying, fellas—the *Houston* went down a couple of thousand miles from here! Lookit that Jap flag on his spitkit!"

Weakened from dysentery, tropic ulcers and plain starvation as they were, the four wide-eyed survivors stared at the bronzed figure smiling at them.

"I say rush him!" Nelson snarled. "Now—"

"Man, I'm gonna hafta deck you for your own dammed good, swabbie," Chief Lahay shrugged. Pulling off his gun belt and bandolier, he waited, feet firmly planted in the sand, dungaree shirt rolled up from his fists.

Nelson burst into tears and collapsed on the spot.

"Jesus, Jesus—lookit that tattoo!"

The name of the sunken U. S. cruiser and its ports of call during the better years of the Asiatic squadron were proud-

ly emblazoned on CPO Lahay's manly chest. It was enough to stop the small, mistaken war, and enough for the five of them to band together. Lahay, that night, told them his story—the whole of it from its fantastic beginning through his lost family.

"You command us, Chief," Nelson said thickly. "You got these slant-eyes under control. All we've been doing is running since Savo!"

Join, they did. Make attrition raids, they did. Jap Island outposts would suddenly go up in brilliant fireworks as the U. S. Navy guerrillas crept ashore during the black of the moon and laid Japanese charges to Japanese installations. They sailed through all the islands of the Slot and under the protection of a Jap ensign, but in the end not even the Japs could be so gullible as to let their game continue indefinitely. They sent submarine I-208 to check out every sampan in Savo Sea. On November 2, six months after cruiser *Houston* went to her grave, one of her most distinguished crewmen did his country proud in tackling this fully armed man of war.

"Standby all guns! Sub is surfacing off Cagayan Point!"

Cradling his Jap .25 caliber machine-gun. Lahay watched the feathering periscope rise from the deep blue waters off the island. Cold sweat balled in his throat as he commanded his crew to duck beneath the coaming. The sub's commander spilled men to her deck guns and fired one five-inch salvo across the bow of the sampan.

"This guy's got something up his craw," Lahay beamed, letting her run before the wind. "Well, gents, here goes squaring away a big chunk of the war!"

"What you gonna do, Frank?" Lipman snapped taking the safety off a captured mortar.

"Let her close us!"

So saying, he ignored the second shell as it screamed across the sampan's bow. The Japanese ensign went up, a Rising Sun fluttering majestically over the bamboo battleship's foretruck.

"Lipman! Lay below and set all the charges!" Lahay snarled. "Fast—here she comes!"

The yeoman crawled on his belly to the deck access and fishtailed down the steps into a compartment loaded with almost two tons of captured Japanese ammunition. Rigged for self-destruction, the sampan's sole function at this stage of the game was to do a real job. A real job, Lahay told them earlier, was not accomplished by guerrilla methods; it was done with plenty of thought and some help on behalf of the enemy. Now the help was here.

Roaring in astern, a bone in her teeth, the Jap I-208 overtook the native boat a mile off Cagayan Point, Florida Island. The chief's face was ochre stained, sufficiently dark so that in the waning light the Japs couldn't be sure he *wasn't* a native fisherman. Suddenly a line soared over the sampan's bow. Then a stern line. Jap seamen snarled orders and the Yankee helmsman, his face averted, ran humbly to drop his sails. In the Jap conning tower, three officers shouted through megaphones for Jap crewmen to go below for an inspection. Both the sub and the sampan were firmly spliced when Frank Lahay gave the order to Lipman. A plunger sent a spurt of acid down the short fuse. Then five American sailors rose as one man and grenades, rifles and mortars simultaneously mowed down the screaming inspection party.

"Get 'em! Get the tower!" Lahay snarled, ripping off a long burst at the three ducking figures.

The sub groaned, trying to back down and break the bridge. On its deck, a crew of eleven gunners were screaming and firing until the five Americans held rigid fire on the big gun. Lipman's mortar put two big shells in the conning tower. Lahay whipped off his coat and the others followed suit. Amid a welter of following 20-millimeter stuff and burning bamboo sails, the five men leaped overboard and frantically struck out for shore. They were still swimming when Lahay looked over his shoulder and yelled for the others to look back.

The enemy had a deck crew back on the gun. Hoarse, shrill orders were wafting over the lagoon as the five men rolled over on their backs and deliberately floated. The sky changed to bright white, then black and yellow and finally all red as a massive concussion threw the five of them off the surface and back again. Pieces of steel, men and lumber roared through the tropic night as I-208, the first Japanese submarine sunk by guerrillas, slowly took a big drink of Savo water down her flaming conning tower and went down dragging the flaming hulk of the sampan with her to eternity.

The rescue of the five Americans came two weeks later when a B-25 dropped down out of blue sky and dye-marked their hunk of Florida. British destroyer *Carvel* brought them to Australia where, after much fanfare, the five men went on long survivor leaves and then were transferred back to the States. They bumped Lahay up to Warrant and promoted the others. Medals including Silver Stars and Army DSC's followed. Lahay took shore duty in Washington, gratefully, after that. It was the proper way to end his war. END

THE LORD OF THE LIVING FLAME

(Continued from page 13)

became known when boatmen from Concepción and Santa Inés were attracted by the fires which burned the great temple of *Atmu* to the ground. The fishermen put ashore to investigate and were met by Admussen's furious cultists who had draped their nakedness with tapestries torn down from the Hall of the Gods.

Even *Aphis*, the white bull, had been slaughtered for food, a crowning indignity for the great beast, which, garlanded with flowers and festooned with gold chains, had carried many a naked virgin to the fire-bordered couch of Edvaard Admussen, the Lord of the Living Flame.

Admussen had gone, the cultists told the fishermen. The gold had gone with him, and he had taken also, the Goddess *Neith*, her small daughter, the Goddess *Nepte*, and—to make the party interesting—the Goddess *Pasht*, a redhead with violet eyes and a 38-inch bust who had come to the island of San Marcos directly from the chorus line of the Ziegfeld Follies in New York.

Although 30 years is hardly a long

time, the name of Edvaard Admussen is now all but forgotten. The police of three continents are no longer concerned with the strange and compelling personality who was an international headache for more than a decade. The deluded followers of the self-styled Lord of the Living Flame have been dispersed to the four winds. Of the few who remain, none still expect to meet the "master" on the distant shores of the land of *Mui*, for though they still eat their yogurt daily, it is of the common garden variety, unconsecrated by the gods; and though they still swallow their daily portion of burned barley it is not parched by being passed through the flames of the Lord's sacred fire.

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From the most accurate accounts, the remarkable Admussen seems to have been a complex man with a fantastic capacity for organization and an unappeasable taste for life's simplest pleasures. Although the story of how he went about the business of satisfying his basic hungers is one of the strangest tales in the annals of evil, no one could have called him a fastidious man. He liked *any* kind of women, *any* kind of money, and *any* kind of food and drink. Though he was a professional scoundrel, he had great personal charm. Also, he was possessed of what the cauliflower-eared leather-pushers at Stillman's Gym fondly refer to as "a built."

The first official notice taken of an Ed Admussen by an official agency was in 1913. It is recorded in the police blotter at Waukegan, Illinois, that in June of that year, one Edvaard Admussen was arrested for running a bogus fortune-telling racket in a gypsy tea-room. Jailed on charges brought by the husbands of two of his female "clients," Admussen won his release when the women gazed at him rapturously in court and flatly refused to testify against him. Local newspapers reporting the incident spoke of the young man's mesmeric "witchery." Feature writers for the Chicago dailies picked up the story and immediately dubbed the colorful Admussen "The Waukegan Warlock."

Drunk on the heady wine of his own publicity, the handsome young fortune teller next undertook an ill-considered confidence game in the French Quarter of New Orleans, where he attempted to

separate a wealthy widow from a bankroll of \$10,000. The widow was entirely willing, but her two sons hauled Admussen to the police station, committed their mother to a hospital for observation, and applauded the decree of the court which was not in the least impressed by the "warlock's" flashing eyes or bulging muscles. This time Admussen didn't get off so easy and spend the best part of a year behind bars.

It is not known how the "Master" passed his time in prison. Presumably, he did some reading in the pokey's library. Certainly, it was during this period that he became something of an authority on the esoteric and classical literature of the occult.

In 1916, during the United States' punitive expedition into Mexico after the bandit-politician Pancho Villa, Edvaard Admussen was serving a hitch in the United States Navy. He was a seaman aboard a destroyer which entered the Gulf of California and anchored off Guaymas on the eastern shore of Baja California. It was during this cruise that the future "Master" got his first look at both the Volcano of the Virgins and the Isle de San Marcos.

San Marcos, never actually inhabited, was used in those years by mainlanders from San Ignacio to raise Merino sheep and a few head of cattle. The island itself, surf-girt, sun-drenched, and incredibly lush, is shaped somewhat like a sail-fin marlin breaking the blue water for a spectacular leap from the sea. Steaming out of the Gulf, Admussen's ship passed San Marcos to starboard with the sun

in the west. By a trick of light, the island's bold outline was suddenly gilded into a form even more powerful and certainly more suggestive than that of a leaping fish. Edvaard Admussen gazed, pop-eyed at the phenomenon, trembling in the grip of a carnal vision that was to dominate the rest of his life. From that moment on, the mere thought of San Marcos filled him with stirrings which he was unable to ignore. An idea took root in his mind and began to feed like a maggot on his brain. Eventually it was to wriggle ecstatically along the quivering flesh of some 300 disciples who one day followed him back to San Marcos Island.

Many young men have been bothered by the urge that began to eat at the Waukegan Warlock's vitals. Some take cold showers and do setting up exercises. Admussen paced across the world like a caged tiger, stewing in his own sweat, and racking his brain for a scheme whereby he could people San Marcos Island with hundreds of beautiful women, women who would come for the express purpose of fulfilling his whims.

Such a goal was admittedly ambitious and called for unique endowments. Admussen, taking stock of himself, concluded that although he was short on the cash necessary to finance such a dream, he was long on all the other requirements.

World War I presented the extraordinary young man with a remarkable opportunity to prepare himself for the strange role which he was shortly to assume. Admussen had the good luck to

be serving as a petty-officer on board a warship stationed with the Allied Fleet at Alexandria, Egypt. A minor injury resulted in his being berthed ashore and assigned to a desk job. This was his great break. The ancient city with its omnipresent sense of the past gave him the key with which he finally unlocked the door to a wildly extravagant future.

Egypt of ancient lore, the oldest country in the world, offered the ambitious Admussen the splendour of her temples, the majesty of her pyramids, the treasures of her museums. The handsome petty officer went everywhere, to Cairo, to Tan-tah, to Tel-El-Kebir. He learned to speak Arabic in the bazaars, sat as an honored guest in the tents of native sheikhs, wenched in the ancient bordellos with beautiful Berber slaves who taught him the secret arts of love known nowhere else in the world.

For two years, the future "Master" drank deeply of the ancient waters of the Nile. He became completely absorbed by the occult antiquities in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. Resident Egyptian scholars, flattered by his interest, helped him translate faded papyri and crumbling inscriptions, rich in the lore of the gods and the all-powerful pharaohs. He soaked up everything he could learn about *Osiris*, the fabled "King of Life," "Lord of Innumerable Days," "Ruler of Eternity." He became fascinated by *Isis*, consort to *Isiris*, goddess of beauty beyond all beauty, love beyond all love, High Priestess of the Living Flame. There came a day when Edvaard Admussen began to identify himself with the god *Osiris*. He crossed his wrists, looked to the East, and proclaimed: "*Nuk neb aamt. Uah mert heka.*" (I am this lord excellent and I have been born again.)

From that day on, a wild fanaticism burned in Admussen's blue eyes. He was *Osiris*, reborn in the Twentieth Century as the Lord of the Living Flame. And to the west, across the ocean, beyond the mountains, was his favored island up-thrust from the sea. This he would claim for his exclusive domain. There would be a temple on its summit, gilded by the sun, and to his golden couch, screened from the eyes of mortals by a curtain of sacred fire, would come beautiful maidens anointed with oil and fragrant with myrrh. *Apis*, the great white bull, would carry them on his back to the master's heights—there to be transported even higher.

When the war was over, Admussen was mustered out of the Navy and promptly made his way to London. He wore a fez, a tailcoat, and striped trousers. Across his pearly-grey, double-breasted vest dangled a watch-chain hung with miniature charms, symbols of his true identity all skillfully wrought in fine Egyptian gold—the evergreens, the tamarisk, the staff, and an ibis with two long, delicate plumes at the back of its noble head.

London, for all the fact that it is one of the most enlightened of cities, is the great pseudo-psychic capital of the world. There are more necromancers, telepathists, and fulltime crystal gazers per square block in the vicinity of Mayfair than one will find in any other spot on the globe. Edvaard Admussen, hoping to finance his consuming dream, staked out his own area of operation in this queer-fish-and-blue-chips strata of London.

Soon he had the good luck to stumble over Lord Eustace and Lady Sabrina Blaykelocke, a remarkable couple, rich, receptive, and somewhat restless.

Lord Eustace, director of the "Neo-Theopneustic League," was an aging retired lecher who had already suffered two heart attacks and was working up his third. With one foot on a banana peel and the other in the grave, the old boy spent his money freely on good works, trying to get a leg over the transom of heaven's back door. The Neo-Theopneustic League provided a sinecure for amateur theologians and pseudo-scientists who studied, according to the society's brochure, "the mysterious power which the Divine Spirit exercises in making men recognize and communicate the Absolute Truth."

Lord Eustace, a sucker for any link which would tie him to eternity, had already financed an expedition which had gone off in search of the "hypnotic mushrooms, the true source of divine visions." No longer able to chase the girls, his Lordship himself stayed reasonably close to his country seat in Hampshire and got his kicks out of the League and overseeing the breeding of a particularly ugly strain of prize swine.

Lady Sabrina, however, was something else again. She had always bubbled with the rich juices of life, and these, perhaps, had helped to make her remarkably well preserved for a woman of 40. She was a lusty, vibrant hellion who had married Lord Eustace because the old rake had managed to tickle her fancy. As the years began to take their toll in an enforced curtailment of her spouse's exertions, Lady Sabrina fell into a languishing sickness. Many doctors had prescribed for her, but with no success. They, like she, were unable to come to grips with the root of the matter. Lord Eustace, bent on improving his relations with the hereafter before fatally overtaxing his heart, saved his strength and spent his money on new cults and his prize pigs, while Lady Sabrina pined listlessly on a chaise longue, wasting her fragrance like a desert rose.

It was Lady Sabrina who first gave Edvaard Admussen the title "Master." He was introduced to Lord Eustace as an Egyptologist, a metaphysical physician, learned in the forgotten medical arts of the pharaohs. Lord Blaykelocke at once took him to meet his wife.

"Knows all about draping mummies with linen rags and cloves and that sort of thing m'dear," Eustace told Sabrina, presenting the handsome young American to his wife.

Sabrina, relaxed in a flowery pegnoid, offered Admussen a hot but graceful hand. From the pressure of her fingers, he at once diagnosed the nature of her mysterious languor.

"Cloves, ya-as," Lord Eustace mumbled to himself. "Used them myself back in my ginger days. Never without them. Always put great faith in cloves!"

"I should like to consult with the patient alone," said "Dr." Admussen huskily. "Would you excuse us, sir?"

Lord Blaykelocke blinked at him. "Help yourself," he said expansively. "Trot out the cloves. I'll charge on over to the pens and visit with the boars."

Alone with Lady Blaykelocke in her sitting room, the "Master" began with a meticulous examination of the patient. Part of Sabrina's miraculous cure was effected by a well positioned laying on of hands. Then the reincarnated *Osiris* revealed himself completely to the lady. He took off his watch chain and permitted her to finger his charms. He prayed, offering up an incantation in the name of *Seb*, the mother of the gods. Lady Sa-

brina felt herself getting well. She stroked the finely wrought evergreen, the tamarisk, and the ibis with the two feathers at the back of its head. Then she closed her eyes and clutched *Osiris'* staff. She could not remember ever feeling better in her life.

In order to be available for further ministrations, Edvaard Admussen firmly established himself in the Blaykelocke household. He soon converted Lord Eustace to the cult which had become his consuming preoccupation. Both the Blaykelockes were most responsive to the Master's glowing descriptions of San Marcos Island and the rites by which the faithful would gather merit for the full and eternal life they would one day lead beyond the veil of darkness in the land of *Mui*.

Lady Sabrina, invested with the office of first high priestess of the sect, trembled and swooned at the prospect of riding bareback on *Apis*, the great white bull. Lord Eustace, installed as first high priest, could scarcely contain himself at the thought of being personally responsible for anointing eager bevvies of palpitating young virgins.

The entire resources of the Neo-Theopneustic League were placed at Admussen's disposal. The Master had an unflagging capacity for work, and set a stiff pace for his cohorts. Lord Eustace signed the checks with a willing if somewhat palsied hand.

Thus, under the best of auspices, and with no shortage of financial backing, was born the Cult of the Living Flame. Booklets and tracts flooded the international mails, extolling the virtues of stripping off the ills of the world along with one's clothes and dining on yogurt and parched barley while preparing for the perpetual bliss of a happy eternity in the presence of *Osiris* Reborn.

The magic, sun-drenched island of San Marcos, it was promised, was the one favored spot on earth which would be untouched by the sable sword of *Set*, the terrible destroyer, in the hour of the world's end.

Admussen, in oiled muscles and gold cloth tights, made a tour of lecture platforms in England, Holland, and France, accompanied to the dais by Lord and Lady Blaykelocke, richly decked out in the robes of their office. Incense burned in front of the lectern. A phonograph played appropriate lute music, and soft lights accentuated the bronzed athletic figure of *Osiris* Reborn. The Master spoke forcefully, even hypnotically, tapping into the wave of universal unrest and self-conscious mysticism which characterized the restless pseudo-intellectuals of post-war Europe.

By February, 1920, Admussen had parlayed his mixture of barley, yogurt, and bold brass into a going concern. He had signed up almost 200 recruits for his cult. This nucleus of mystic pioneers formally pooled their assets in a common fund, and only awaited the word of the Master to cast off their cares and take ship for the promised land in distant Mexico.

Of this First Phalanx, as the initial group was called, the majority was English, captained by one Alfred Bayer, a retired Bloomsbury chemist who had delved into cosmic mysteries, passionately believed in Admussen, and had happily converted all his securities into cash. The Dutch contingent was headed by a plump and rosy Gravenhage school-mistress named Margriet Wramstael, who read racy novels and owned a third

interest in a cheese factory. Miss Wramstael, a spinster at 42, had become ecstatic at the sight of the Master's muscles and was enchanted at his promise of a life of love here on earth to be followed by a voluptuous Nirvana in which she might eternally loll around eating grapes in rotund and Rubenesque nudity. A White Russian, recently escaped from the Bolsheviks, led the corps of French volunteers. Casimir Kranikov pawned the last of his jewels to insure that his attractive wife, Nadja, his small son Vladimir, and his beautiful teen-aged daughter, Sonia, would be whisked from dreary exile to a demi-paradise in the tropical sun.

Admussen, the Blaykelockes, and one Amanda Prufrock, the young, somewhat horsefaced female secretary of the Neo-Theopneustic League made up the advance party which went to Mexico in March of 1920 for the purpose of preparing San Marcos Island to receive the small army of cultists. The authorities in the government office at Guaymas were somewhat at a loss to understand Admussen's interest in the island off the wild Baja California coast, but a few handfuls of folded pesos, and a vague explanation about a "bathing resort," requiring an impressive number of houses to be built with native labor, soon overcame any serious objections to Admussen's proposal. A lease to San Marcos Island was properly drawn and work began in earnest.

The Living Flamists created quite a stir in the sleepy coastal village of San Ignacio when they first arrived. Miss Prufrock and Admussen spoke a little

Spanish between them, but the Master's vocabulary consisted mainly of the wrong kind of words, and Amanda Prufrock—with the true Britisher's aversion to foreign languages—could shape her stiff upper lip only around such guide book phrases such as "Has this drinking water been boiled?", and "Can you prepare a three minute egg?"

Aided by the local *padre*, who knew a little English, the cultists managed to somehow to communicate their requirements. The gift of a painting of Saint Ignatius and a five year supply of votive candles to the village church was looked upon as evidence of good intent by the villagers. The payment of fantastic wages—part in advance—to boatmen and laborers for work on San Marcos Island helped recruit a sizable labor battalion from as far away as Rosario and Porto Pulpito.

By June, the extraordinary establishment on San Marcos Island had begun to shape up. Using a minimum of milled lumber and a maximum of adobe and thatch, the Mexican workers had created a bungalow colony on the east slope of the island. Despite the ornate Egyptian character evident in the master blue-print, the actual accommodations developed along typical peon lines. Even the temple, on the apex of the island's summit, assumed an Aztec cast under the trowels and hammers of the Mexican laborers. The building, some 40 feet square, was built around an open patio and pierced by high timbered arches. The Master's couch, which occupied the center of the spacious patio, resembled an enormous trampoline suspended from four roughly

carved posts signifying the hawk of the Egyptian god *Ra*, the ibis of *Toth*, the crocodile of *Savak*, and the cat of *Ptah*. In front of each post was a flame pot which was to be kept full of scented oil by the High Priestess and her novitiates. These urns would hardly fling up the curtain of flame which the Master had envisioned, but at least they promised to do double duty by driving away mosquitoes. Besides, it was much too hot during the semi-tropical night for the curtain of fire Admussen had promised himself.

Lady Sabrina Blaykelocke commenced her duties as keeper of the flame, tested the tautness of the canvas between the posts, and began parching barley and preparing yogurt to be ready for the anticipated rush.

Lord Eustace, who had a good eye for livestock, selected a white bull from the island's small herd of cattle to be consecrated as *Apis* by *Osiris* Reborn. The animal chosen was a huge, gentle-eyed creature which quickly learned to plod up the hillside to the temple, where it was rewarded with a bumper of corn. The bull had no objections to toting a barley sack on its back, but balked at carrying Amanda Prufrock, even on a dry run. Lady Sabrina, with much gentling and what was obviously a way with all male animals, undertook to educate *Apis*, and in time the gentle bull developed into quite a suitable mount. To Miss Prufrock was given the task of setting up the colony's commissary. She made arrangements for regular deliveries of fish, for such seasonal fruits and vegetables as the mainland afforded, and for a herd

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of goats, which, with the cows already on the island, would provide the milk and yogurt which, along with toasted barley, were to be staples of the cultists' diet.

In late July of 1920, the Master stripped to his gold tights, ascended to the heights of his remarkably shaped island and issued the long awaited call to the faithful. Scented oil burned in the four urns. Lady Blaykelocke and Lord Eustace stood close by in rapt attention. Apis, the bull, lowed, pawed the earth, and switched his tail. The handful of peons who were still on the payroll gazed at the tableau in unmixed wonder and decided for the thousandth time that all gringos must be stark, raving mad.

Amanda Prufrock, secretary and general factotum of the Living Flamists, reinforced the Master's prayerful invocations by cabling messages to the faithful in London, Paris, and Holland. "Embark," she instructed the three captains. "We await you."

The First Phalanx, numbering some 180 cultists, mostly women of varying ages and conditions, assembled at Marseilles, France, on August 9th, 1920. A Panamanian steamer was chartered to transport the entire group to Guaymas, Mexico. The trip took 18 days.

Miss Prufrock, as official greeter, was on hand to deliver the Master's personal welcome to the intrepid pioneers, and to guide them from Guaymas to their new island home.

The trip to San Marcos over a calm and benign sea was accomplished in the small fishing boats of the Guaymas bonito fleet. There was a good view of the historic volcano and of the extraordinary shape of the colony's island home. Captain Wramstael, twittering with excitement and aglow with great expectations, was among the first believers to leap into the surf and wade ashore when the boats reached the strand.

Admussen, bronzed and fit from months of physical activity in the sun, stood with folded arms in loin-clothed splendor on a gilded pedestal near the shore. Lord and Lady Blaykelocke stood stiffly beside him. Osiris Reborn raised his arms in benediction and invoked the blessings of *Ammon* and *Knuphis* on his favored children. He promised them health, which was reasonable enough; happiness, which was somewhat more difficult to deliver; and love, which he had every intention of personally administering to the deserving.

A communal table had been spread with fruit, fish, barley porridge, and yogurt. The Captains met with Amanda Prufrock to divide and apportion bungalows, duties, sanitary areas, and other practical duties. Miss Prufrock, it was soon seen, was an indispensable administrator without whose help the cult could not hope to survive. Misplaced though she seemed to be in such a polyglot gathering, she was evidently a willing enough handmaiden to the Master, who had placed in her capable hands all responsibility for the colony's management.

Religious instruction began the next morning under the aegis of the Master, Lady Blaykelocke, and Alfred Bayer. The rules of the cult were few and comparatively simple. The Living Flamists had renounced the world for an artsy-craftsy, handsy-footsy type of communal life which was part nudist, part physical-culturist, and part Egypto-yoga. The ceremonies were pragmatically pagan and conveniently revolved about the fantastic premise that Osiris Reborn—magically

returned to the community—would insure a happy, eternal life in the promised land of *Mui*. He would move as he chose among the cultists, who would gather merit from every possible association with him. He promised to select from among them the reincarnations of the deathless deities: the Goddesses *Isis*, *Ptah*, *Neith*, *Nepte*, *Salé*, *Pasht*; and the Gods *Ra*, *Seb*, *Athor*, *Tafne*, and *Khons*.

The economy of the island depended on a rotation of work squads who wove cloth, tended herds, prepared food, drew water, and in other plebeian ways made themselves useful to the celestial corporation—and its exalted Master.

"Work," High Priestess Blaykelocke expounded, "is the penalty of the earth-bound. Only through toil may ye earn the consecrated barley by which ye shall be made immortal."

The Master began at once to grant private interviews to each of the cultists. One by one the colonists made a solitary pilgrimage to the temple of *Atmu* on the crest of the summit. Here, naked and unashamed, they were received by *Osiris* Reborn. The conferences were held in the great patio which was decked with flamboyant hangings depicting the mystic paraphernalia of the black arts. A consummate actor, the Master never acquitted himself without—at least—a touching performance. When the occasion arose, he was capable of a quite stunning versatility. Indeed some of the cultists came again and again.

Captain Margriet Wramstael, a most frequent and devout petitioner, made many a trip up the hill. Although, at first, she somewhat envied Miss Prufrock her unique place in the colony's hierarchy, she was soon immensely satisfied with her own position, after a few private interviews with the Master.

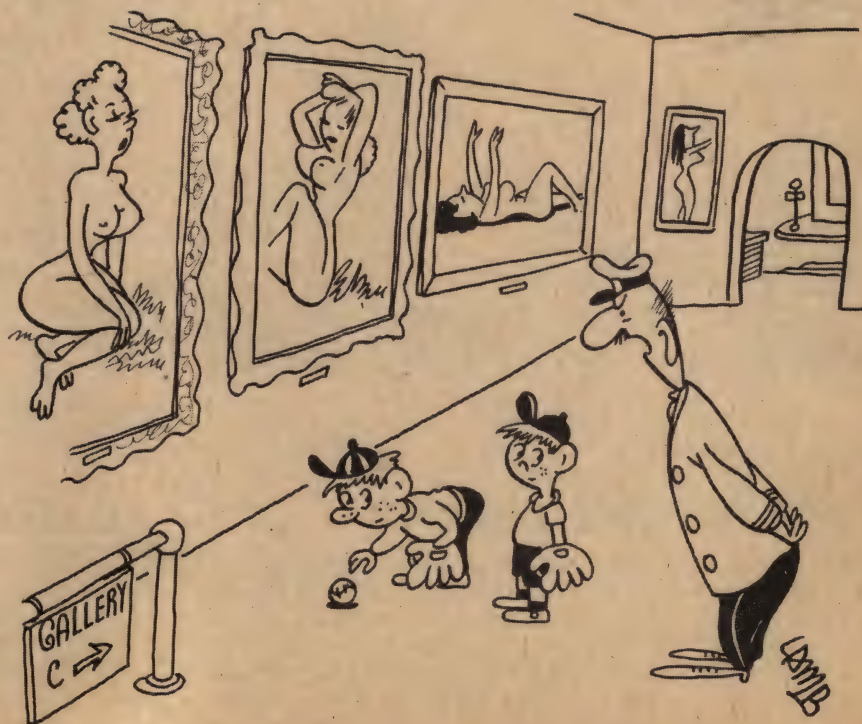
Life on the island worked wonders for the colonists. The combination of simple food, an active life, and complete free-

dom from inhibitions actually accomplished a general revitalization which made the experiment something more than an out and out swindle. True, all the cultists' financial assets had been lumped into a common fund which was placed at the disposal of the Master. However, there seemed to be no evidence that this money was being misused. Actually, the cultists' needs were few, and money was much less important on the island than in the lives they had left behind. It was rumored that the Master was buying gold at the Mexican rate of exchange, which was quite favorable in those days. Amanda and Admussen made occasional trips to the mainland, presumably to arrange for such an exchange, along with other business. But the colonists were happy to believe that *Osiris* must certainly know what he was doing, and that everything would turn out all right.

Alarming word of strange rites and abandoned bacchanals filtered back to the mainland, and the padre at San Ignacio personally made several announced visits which were actually tours of inspection. He was greeted by Admussen as an honored guest, and since he found no wine he concluded that the gringos were *muy estambolico*, "queer enough, but without real harm in them."

There were occasional rifts in Admussen's paradise. Casimir Kranikov and his family left San Marcos within four months. Whether this was because the beautiful young Sonia had been consecrated as the Goddess *Ptah* in the course of an elaborate ceremonial, it is not known. Certainly Lord Eustace and the White Russian had been at odds from the moment they met. Admussen finally chose between them, requesting Blaykelocke to stay on and Kranikov to leave.

Other cultists gradually made their way to San Marcos. Two of the colonists died during the first year. Several babies were born during this time, although



"Now listen here, boys . . . your baseball has been bouncing in here too many times lately!"

the exact number is not a matter of record.

Strangely enough, it was the exiled Casimir Kranikov who did the most to spur a new wave of Living Flamists to make the journey to San Marcos. Kranikov, who had literary aspirations, wrote an article for *Paris Match*, extolling Admussen and the pioneers of what he called "The Sun Cult of the Ancients." This piece dealt with free love, the benefits of a spartan regimen, and the spiritual rewards of philosophical meditation.

Physical culturists from all over the world began to write to Admussen for information about his San Marcos Island colony. Bernard McFadden, famous American publisher and advocate of the vigorous life, was among the Master's correspondents.

Lord Eustace Blaykelocke, feeling ten years younger than when he came to the island, returned to England in 1922. His third heart attack occurred in London, and he died, but not before willing Admussen and the Living Flamists some 60,000 pounds sterling (then worth \$300,000 American) to carry on their "noble theopneustic works" on San Marcos Island.

In the middle 'twenties, the cultists attracted to their island a number of Mexican free thinkers who had become *persona non grata* to the prevailing government. President Elias Calles, who made political capital of searching out radical *Obregonistas*, as he called the opposition, sent a detachment of federal police to San Marcos. Admussen, with the aid of a bulging wallet and the blandishments of a few spare Goddesses, bought political immunity for his sect and calmly surrendered his Mexican recruits to the government's firing squad without a moment's hesitation.

In 1928, the reelection of General Alvaro Obregón to the Mexican presidency resulted in considerable embarrassment to the wily *Osiris* Reborn. Admussen, who was beginning to tire of his quiet seraglio life anyway, bid a temporary farewell to the Living Flamists, announcing that he was on his way to the United States to recruit another Phalanx of cultists. He left the cult in the capable hands of High Priestess Sabrina Blaykelocke and the now Goddess *Neith*, nee Amanda Prufrock, who had borne a daughter, revered by the cultists as the reincarnation of *Nepte*.

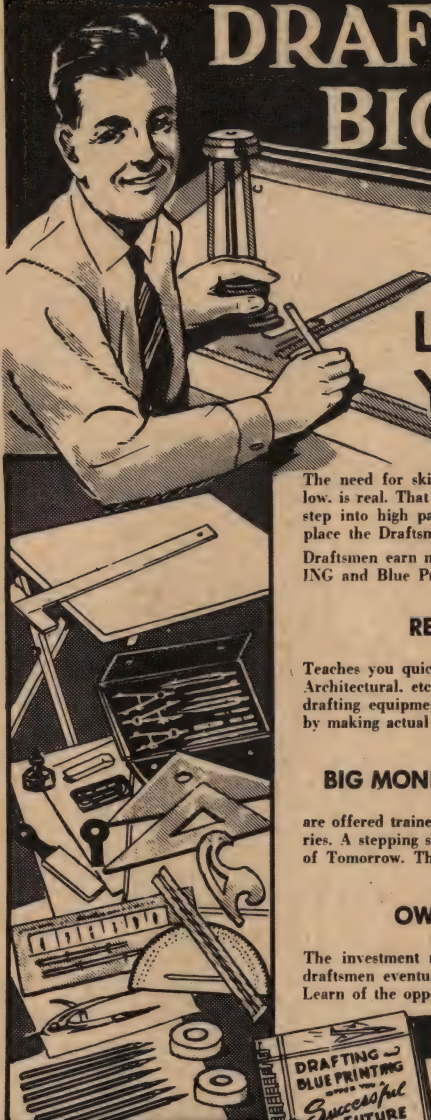
Admussen's American tour was a howling success. In New York, the Master hired the services of a statuesque chorus girl of monumental proportions. He had been taken by her statuesque appearance while viewing the "long stemmed American Beauties" in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1928.

The girl, a voluptuous red head, was elevated to Goddess-ship after a probing interview. As the ancient goddess *Pasht*, reincarnated, she writhed through an Egyptian dance to tom-toms as part of a recruiting program which featured Admussen as a lecturer. The result was what *Variety* and *Billboard* call a solid smash.

Just before the stock market crash of 1929, Admussen and his wriggling *Pasht* counted the greenbacks which had accumulated in the kitty. Donations from rich devotees for prayer and special private performances amounted to a sizeable bundle of cash. Admussen and his new Goddess called the tour to a halt and went shopping for a yacht.

Before they could make a suitable purchase, Wall Street had its almost legendary black day, and the price of

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yachts went down to just a little more than a pittance.

The magnificent sea-going mansion which bore *Osiris* and *Pasht* back to San Marcos Island was named "Sphinx," a whim of the newest Goddess who was not too strong on Egyptology. The Master thought it wise not to introduce *Pasht* immediately to the cheering assemblage on San Marcos Island. He greeted them, invoked the Gods, told them he had great plans, and retired to the temple of Atmu for a heart to heart talk with Amanda Prufrock.

Amanda, in Admussen's absence, had carefully reburied a cache of Mexican gold which represented the accumulated wealth of the colonists. She had taken the precaution of packing the bullion in straw-lined kegs which could be easily moved. She had not feared that *Osiris* would abandon the colony during his tour of the United States, because she counted on the persuasion of her letters in which she related what she had done and estimated the probable value of the hoard.

During the first week after his return, *Osiris* surreptitiously loaded the gold aboard his yawl. One fine morning, the islanders awoke to find themselves confronted with a modern day riddle of the Sphinx.

The yacht had disappeared!

Counting noses, it was soon discovered that Admussen had definitely taken a powder, absconding with the colonists' money, the efficient and capable Amanda Prufrock, and the small Goddess *Nepte*, who was Amanda's daughter. And, of course, his latest red-headed Goddess, *Pasht*.

Within a month, there were no cultists left on San Marcos Island. The villagers of San Ignacio sped the disillusioned Living Flamists on their way back and henceforth avoided the island like a plague.

Soon a legend grew up among the villagers that on the night the sun sets behind the Volcano of the Virgins, Admussen and his pagan revellers return to hold their orgiastic rituals on San Marcos Island, as of old. The legend of that night

of sensual abandonment and wild excess has been woven into an elaborate superstition which still persists along the barren coast of Baja, California.

It has persisted strongly enough so that virgins are very carefully watched on *la noche del fenómeno*, in the little fishing villages along the Gulf.

Of Admussen and the women who fled

with him from San Marcos in 1929, very little has ever been heard. Reports have it that the Master got away with almost half a million dollars in gold. This is probably an exaggerated estimate. Another report is possibly closer to the truth. In 1935, a handsome retired "businessman," an American expatriate, was found dead in his hotel room in Zurich, Switzerland.

land. He was registered as Edward Adkins, importer. Papers in his room indicated that, on occasion, Mr. Adkins had used the name Edvaard Admussen. From the elaborate furnishings and works of art which Mr. Adkins liked to keep around him, he evidently had an abiding interest in antiquities, particularly those of ancient Egypt. END

BROTHERS TO EAGLES

(Continued from page 17)

to repair a magneto, the whole country was watching the front pages or listening to Floyd Gibbons rattle off the latest flight bulletin on his nightly radio newscast.

The flight went smoothly for the first refuelings, but on June 15, after 79 hours in the air, a flash storm hit just as the two ships succeeded in making contact.

Turbulent winds tossed them about like chips in the air ocean over Chicago. It was a harrowing experience, with the hose whipping around violently as the precious gasoline was transferred.

Four days aloft! The cramped quarters of the Stinson's cabin were already getting on the two brothers' nerves.

"It was plain hell for the first week," Beans Hunter said later. "We ate oil, smelled it, breathed it, and lay in it, rubbing it all over us. It was the last word in misery!"

A few days later, on June 18th, a tired Beans celebrated his 22nd birthday aloft in the cabin of "The City of Chicago."

On June 23, they entered their 12th day of flight. The J-6 droned on monotonously as their 272nd hour ticked slowly by.

Both men were unshaven and dirty. They had reduced their conversation with each other to a minimum.

By a sort of tacit arrangement, Beans cared for the right side of the engine and John the left. Each of them were out on the narrow catwalk two or three times daily.

Suddenly city editors on all the Chicago papers realized the Hunter brothers were within striking distance of the St. Louis record, and the cauldron of publicity began to simmer. As tension mounted it came rapidly to a boil. Hurriedly, earlier stories by reporters were polished up and published.

On June 26th, the 15th day, the deadly monotony nearly took its toll. Beans fell asleep while taking his turn at the controls. He awakened to find the big plane in a steep turning dive. For the rest of the day his red-rimmed eyes stayed wide open.

That night, gingerly feeling for each other in the darkness, the two ships completed their first after-dark refueling. It was tough as hell, but within 24 hours it was by necessity to become a familiar procedure.

On the next afternoon, one wing tank sprung a leak and from that moment on was useless. Night refuelings now were to become routine because of the reduced capacity of the remaining tanks.

That afternoon raging winds moved down the lake from the north. The Stinson rose and fell and bounced. The evening refueling was a nightmare, but

the worst ordeal was still ahead of them.

During the hours of darkness, an oil tank pressurized and blew up, and Beans developed a thumping toothache that was to recur again and again. John graphically described their ordeal in his notebook the next morning.

"Hello gang! Almost blew up the oil tank last nite. Put the plug in too tight and built up pressure. Both of us soaked with oil. Our cabin, bedding, and food all soaked with it. Threw our clothes overboard and are wearing our undies. It's a little cold."

Beans' toothache is worrying hell out of him. Maybe you could lower a dentist down and we could let him out in a 'chute. Or they might allow Beans to go down and get it pulled and come back. Get us some clothes as soon as you can. We are going to make it sure if we can stay awake. Beans added a postscript.

"Dear Boys: Get me some toothache stuff—good stuff with directions. Spent a hell of a night. Little better, but not altogether cured now. Who was the little guy in the ship last night, and the other guy I didn't know?"

"Don't forget about the teeth. Was going to pull it, but couldn't get a string on it. How are things going? Bring me a shirt and a little aluminum wash-pan like the kids play with. That's all I need."

"The other guy" Beans was referring to was Will Rogers.

America's beloved rope-twirler and humorist, always an aviation buff, had to come to Chicago expressly to cheer the boys on. An effort had been made to drop a microphone to "The City of Chicago" and to set up two-way radio communication. High winds cancelled the attempt, so Rogers and his pilot flew close alongside and smiled and waved.

About 10:00 a.m., "Big Ben" climbed the invisible stairway in the sky and delivered fresh fuel, clothing and toothache medicine to the weary crew. The hours ground slowly on.

On the field below, their sister, Irene Hunter, had set up a sort of operations kitchen in a hangar. From here she cooked and sent aloft food and laundry, taking time out occasionally to answer the questions of the working press. Asked for her opinion on their record-breaking chances, she stoutly said: "I know that if all it needs is courage and bravery, my brothers will win. They have set out to win, and I, for one, have a firm belief in them."

Something besides toothaches, lack of sleep and oily surroundings bothered the boys, too. On the morning of the 28th, Beans sent down a note to Irene.

"This isn't a hospital! Not so much greens. We ain't geese! What's the news? Tell us something or we'll come down and tear your hair out!"

At 5:01 a.m. on June 28th, after more than 17 continuous days aloft, the St. Louis record of 420 hours, 21 minutes was shattered. The news was flashed by every communication system available, and from that moment the roads to and from Sky Harbor were black with cars.

Through it all the Wright J-6 continued to purr like a well-fed kitten. Every few hours one of the brothers climbed out on the narrow catwalk to grease the valve rocker arms. The dramatic pictures of their aerial tight-rope routine hit front pages everywhere.

Regularly on schedule, "Big Ben" climbed up to transfer a load of gasoline. The bottled soft drink firm for whom "Big Ben" was named reveled in a landslide of sales to the avid thousands crowding Sky Harbor and its approaches.

Reporters, photographers, newsreel men and radio personnel fell all over themselves trying to dig up a fresh angle on the country's top story. An estimated 20,000 people jammed the airport and its highway arteries every day towards the end of June and the first few days of July.

An American success story was in the making! Poor but honest boys had fought their way to the top—and the fact that they were four brothers added to the public's adulation.

On June 30, the ship's original storage battery gave up. A direct short made it impossible to turn on the navigation lights. "Big Ben" practically had to drag a sky hook to find them, and that night's refueling was accomplished in total darkness.

The next morning, a new battery was lowered to the plane in a canvas bag.

July 1st was a busy day. The exhausted brothers, living on their nerve ends, each climbed out once more onto the familiar narrow steel walkway. Beans tightened a loose engine mount. John repaired a magneto again, and replaced a frayed spark plug wire.

The tangible rewards were already beginning to pile up, however.

Downstairs, Albert and Walter were receiving the first of myriad endorsement offers.

"Everything from underwear to cigarettes!" Walter happily announced.

Army Lt. E. L. Moon, from Rantoul Field, Illinois, flew a specially equipped radio ship in to Sky Harbor. Arrangements were made to lower a microphone to the City of Chicago for daily broadcasts at 12:00 noon and 6:00 p.m.

N.B.C. and C.B.S. broke into open warfare over possession of radio coverage rights. The argument continued hotly for the rest of the record-breaking endurance flight.

C.B.S. got the inside track through a dollar-a-minute contract (backed by that mysteriously big business of prohibition

days, a malt extract company), and N.B.C. lapsed into sullen coverage of the spectacle from the hangar. Attorneys from both networks threatened duels with microphones at dawn.

The unshaven grimy men in "The City of Chicago" drove relentlessly on, spurred by the offers pouring in and secure in the knowledge that their original sponsor, the Deep Rock Oil Company, was paying them \$100 hourly since passing the record of "The St. Louis Robin." Already due them from this source was a tidy \$7,000.

On July 2nd, the 190th refueling contact with "Big Ben" brought near disaster. The ships rocked and rolled in the high winds off Lake Michigan, and on one occasion the wildly swinging hose nozzle nearly crashed into the "Chicago's" big steel prop.

Fatigue was clearly evident in the slowed reactions of the two tired pilots. They were losing their judgment of speed from their long hours of continuous flight.

The engine was now so worn that gasoline vapor was seeping into the crankcase and thinning out the oil. No amount of minor attention could eliminate a growing roughness. In the darkness, the exhaust flames were growing orange instead of their normal pale blue.

The high winds aloft were no worse than the brewing storm on the ground. Attracted by the threatening financial success the brothers were obviously about to attain, no less than seven managers claimed full charge of the endurance flight. As one wag put it, "there are more managers than fly-boys!"

As soon as court was open on July 2, Attorney Richard J. Flannigan, acting for five disgruntled stockholders of the corporation previously owning the "City of Chicago," filed suit for receivership, and asked for a writ tying up any earnings the Hunter brothers' flight might make. The petition seemed mainly concerned with a rumored offer of \$100,000 by Curtiss-Wright for "The City of Chicago" and her heroic engine.

Sympathetic Judge Michael Feinberg, alive to the situation, promptly held court for the first time in the history of American jurisprudence in a huge cabin ship flying alongside the steadily droning Stinson. Just what legal point was resolved by this aerial session remains obscure. But the publicity was tremendous.

His decision?

Unable to deny the petition, he did refuse a court order to summarily force Beans and John out of the air, and postponed further judicial action "until such time as the flight shall finish."

A bewildered Deputy Sheriff was left to serve a court order on the two endurance pilots. Pressed by reporters who were clearly out of sympathy with the complainants, he allowed as how "Kenneth and John Hunter can fly as long as they want. I do my work on the ground!"

Downtown, a prideful City Council listened enthusiastically as Alderman William Feingenbutz of Chicago's 45th Ward read a resolution:

"Be it resolved," etc. . . . "congratulations for their skill, pluck and determination. We . . . express regret the city's finances make it impossible to tangibly reward," etc.

Tiny Winnetka, Illinois, not to be outdone by Chicago, hastily convened her Lions Club. That same day, July 2nd, the Hunters were entitled to one free lunch and as many roars as desired, through virtue of Honorary Membership of the Winnetka Chapter of the Lions.

Downstate Sparta, hometown of the Hunter boys, suddenly became conscious of its heroes. Awards—in the form of the written word—were hastily made by every organization in town.

A parade, complete with the high school band, was organized.

A "Hunter Brothers" day was proclaimed.

An official delegation from the city was dispatched to Sky Harbor, and the press carried reams of adulatory speeches by prominent Spartans.

An unimpressed Hunter brother, asked for a comment, simply said, "They never thought much of us down there till we made a world record!"

In the early afternoon of July 2nd, a wire was received. It was from an old friend from their St. Louis days:

"Congratulations on the success of your wonderful flight."

Charles A. Lindbergh

At 4:40 p.m. on July 2nd, they had completed 504 hours—21 full days—of uninterrupted flight.

And at 7:00 p.m. for the first time in aviation-radio history, an interview between ships in flight was completed. No deathless prose resulted, yet America held its breath and hunched closer to radio loudspeakers to hear the fading voices repeating what they had read in the afternoon newspaper.

As night closed down, milling throngs crowded the field below to watch the circling of the red and green wing lights on "The City of Chicago."

Early on July 3rd, an oil line broke. Desperately, the word went down in a note dropped on the field. Materials and tools were quickly carried aloft by "Big Ben." Beans Hunter, hot oil squirting in every direction, made the repairs. Oil-soaked again, he grimly crawled in off the catwalk and tried to sleep.

The killing pace was telling on young Beans now. That morning, John had found it almost impossible to get the utterly exhausted youngster awake to take over at the controls.

On the ground, an elated Albert totaled the figures on endorsement offers and audibly estimated "the boys are makin' \$1,401,600 a year right now!"

For the hell they were enduring, they weren't going to be over-paid. Shortly after lunch the broad wings and ungainly silhouette of an old Standard bi-plane appeared from the south. It was Henry Hoff, a former student, flying the ancient crate in which the four Hunters had learned to fly. (They own it yet today, a treasured possession.) It settled like an ungainly buzzard on the field, and the heavy water-cooled Hisso engine pulled it tiredly up to the line.

A little later, "The City of Chicago" dropped another urgent note to the crowd on the field:

"Send engine bolt and tools!"

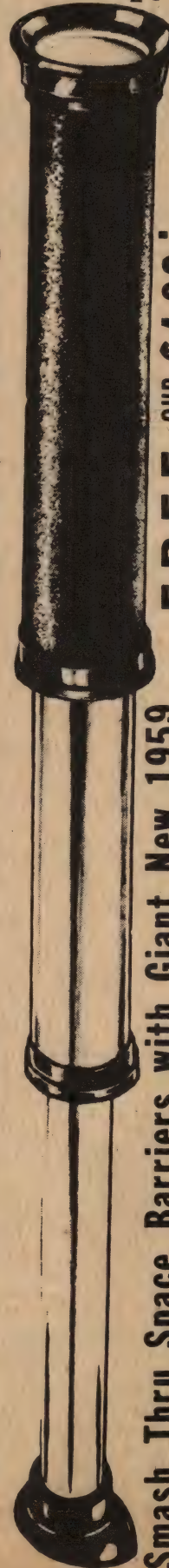
Beans' sharp eyes had discovered a snapped structural unit, and as "Big Ben" hovered just off the wing tip, he got down on his hands and knees on the catwalk and installed the new bolt. Hardly had he finished this dangerous job when another crisis threatened. For some reason gas consumption was way ahead of schedule.

A new note was hastily dropped:

"Send up some gas! Wobbling for 20 minutes!"

"The City of Chicago" had a gravity feed system, so it was necessary to use a special "wobble" pump to lift fuel from the emergency tank in the fuselage up into the wing tank.

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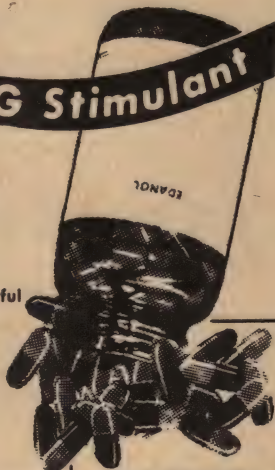
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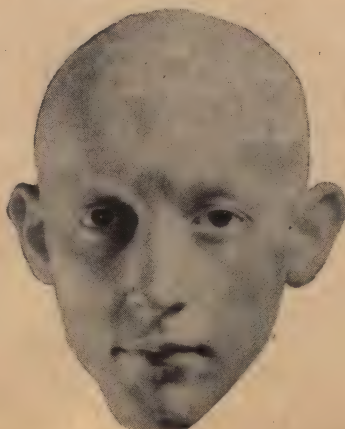
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New hair grew on my bald head



SEE PAGE 83

Faithful "Big Ben" rushed aloft, and at 9:10 p.m. on July 3rd, the 193rd refueling was completed. The tanker ship slid off and down to the left in the darkness. "The City of Chicago" was tucked in for the first part of the night. Or so it seemed.

But the roughest 24 hours of all was just beginning. The Wright J-6 engine was tired now, and wanted to go home.

Beans was oil-covered, unshaven, and snappish. John, the older brother, was becoming progressively less happy in his role of pacifying elder statesman. The ship was now a litter of tools, rags, sandwich papers and trash. Neither man had bathed for over three weeks.

Twice during the night Beans was forced to get out on the catwalk and make minor repairs to the engine. It was cold as hell out there in the summer gale, and he shivered uncontrollably.

At 2:40 a.m. he suddenly realized it was the 4th of July. Another note was dropped:

*"Send up some firecrackers
so we can celebrate the Fourth
of July!"*

This was definitely Beans, the youngster who had just celebrated his birthday aloft in "The City of Chicago" two weeks earlier. His older brother in "Big Ben" obliged, but the brief moment of levity was shortlived.

The two men were exhausted now far beyond the point of safety. Every contact with "Big Ben" was gruelling, and the constant presence of other aircraft was a source of danger and irritation. It seemed every aircraft in the area was crowding close for a look, or to take pictures of "The City of Chicago."

The engine was badly worn and wheezing constantly. Faint smoke was coming from the stacks, and oil consumption was way above normal.

The whole flight was beginning to come apart at the seams.

By early morning on the 4th of July, the airport was a mass of jammed humanity. A holiday crowd over-ran everything, and police were able to keep them off the flying field only with the greatest difficulty.

All afternoon the endless circling continued, the two men simply staring down at the milling throngs, with almost no conversation between them now. They were so tired they simply couldn't feel or say anything.

The final blow came just after 6:00 o'clock that evening when an oil gauge broke. The tired brothers looked at each other wearily as the engine temperature began to climb. A wisp of blue smoke came steadily from the oil filler cap. Within minutes their engine would over-heat and stall.

John, at the controls, dropped the right wing and slowly retarded the throttle. For the first time in nearly a month the big orange and blue ship headed in for a landing.

At 6:21 p.m., July 4, 1930, after 553 hours and 41 minutes, almost 24 full days aloft, Beans and John touched down on Sky Harbor airport as a frantic crowd of thousands of well-wishers attempted to welcome them. Rattled by total exhaustion, John's approach was way too fast. Finally, however, they rolled to a stop. Police quickly directed them as they taxied into the hangar.

Wearied to the point of collapse, they unbelievably watched the police efforts to fight back the crowds seeking desperately to shred "The City of Chicago" for souvenirs.

Huddling safely on a balcony in the hangar, watching the surging crowds below, oil-soaked, filthy, and hungry, they could think of only a bed and a bath.

How did they feel?

"Towards the last it just seemed like the ship was fighting us," commented John.

Beans nodded, "I don't want to go through that again for a long, long time! It was hell—just sheer hell!"

The flight had earned a total of \$25,000, but lots of legal issues were still to be settled. (They were. Within two weeks out-of-court negotiations cleared all complainants from the scene.)

The two heroes appeared on stage in a Chicago Loop theatre to receive their prize money. Beans almost missed the show. He was busy shopping for some comfortable shoes.

A Hollywood offer hung tantalizingly over the horizon.

The sturdy Stinson monoplane used in the Hunter's record flight today could be tucked under the belly of our B-52. One wheel assembly from our current hydrogen bomb-toting monster would fill the entire living space Beans and John used for a month on "The City of Chicago."

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Their plane cruised at 130 miles per hour. The B-52 lands that fast.

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But all things are comparative. With the tools and ships available in 1930, it was a helluva flight.

And the techniques they used are still good!

Ask the U.S. Air Force. The re-fueling techniques pioneered by the Hunter brothers and other aviation pioneers are the basis of SAC's round-the-clock vigil that is preserving the peace today. END

"GET THEM OUT—OR KILL THEM!"

(Continued from page 33)

fighter ace said confidently. "It will be disassembled by a *maquis* team. The parts will be transported to the woods near the prison. One hour before we strike, it will be reassembled. A pick-up pole arrangement will be erected. Then one of the aircraft from the strike force will snatch up the glider full of escaped prisoners and tow it home."

The general looked at the fighter pilot completely astounded.

"Well?" Colonel Rapier asked.

"It's insane, but..." the English officer gasped, "it might work. I'll be buggered but the bloody plan just might work at that. It's mad enough, you know."

"We will do it," Chevalier said firmly.

"If we have time. Colonel, are they still torturing his brother?"

Rapier reached for the phone. "I'll find out at once. We'll get off a coded message to our agents in Amiens immediately."



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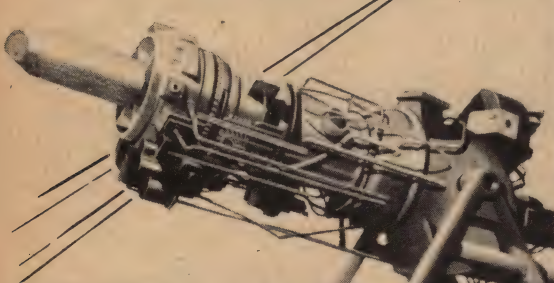
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The next four hours seemed like four years to the three men in the underground intelligence headquarters. They paced the floor and smoked endlessly. They talked about equipment, about getting detailed maps of the prison, about establishing contact with the captured Resistance agents inside the 30-foot-high stone walls. They stared at the telephone hatefully, fearfully. They prayed silently, hardly daring to believe in Andre Chevalier's incredible scheme.

At one a.m. on May 18, 1944, the special priority telephone on Colonel Rapier's desk jangled twice. With his hand sweating and shaking, the intelligence officer picked up the receiver and listened. He listened to the message twice before he hung up and turned to give the men the news.

"We have time. It's very little time. But perhaps there is a chance."

He told them that the Resistance had learned the torturing would resume on the 24th. They had less than six days to pull off the most incredible mass break of war prisoners in modern history.

In London, British S.O.E. (Special Operations Executive) and Free French H.Q. went into frantic action immediately. By three a.m., they'd located a Gaullist aerial gunner whose father had been warden of the prison at Amiens. He was about to leave on a bombing raid over Bremerhaven, but they yanked him off the plane and rushed him to London by staff car. He was still confused when he saw the steel door of Colonel Rapier's secret office open, but 30 seconds later he was telling everything he remembered about his boyhood home. A detailed map of the fortress with the four-foot thick walls was carefully sketched by 7:30, and at 9 a.m. three British noncoms started building a precise scale model on a large sand-table in the planning room next door.

Two hours later, *Capitaine Andre Chevalier* returned to the field where the *Troisieme Escadrille* of the Free French Forces was based. He walked straight into the commandant's office and dropped a letter stamped "TOP SECRET" on the desk. At three that afternoon, eight fighter-bombers under the command of Andre Chevalier flew off to another airbase for special training. They had 72 hours to perfect their skip-bombing. They had to bounce 500-pound bombs off the ground outside the prison, gauging the angle precisely so the explosives would carom upwards and hit the wall in just the right places. It was much too short a time and the task itself was almost impossible, but nobody had the heart to tell that to Chevalier. He was like a obsessed man; he would hear no excuses, tolerate no discussion.

Radio messages were flashing back and forth between the *maquis* and England. The Resistance leaders were more than eager to take the fantastic risks involved in this life-and-death gamble, for Henri Chevalier and his team of saboteurs were all heroic veterans of the underground. The Tommy-gunners to cover the escape would be in position whenever needed.

On the 21st, the Free French code room brought staggering news. *Leutenant von Strasser* had grown impatient. He'd begun torturing two of the other captured demolition experts. He was going all out, ramming high pressure water hoses into them and burning their most sensitive organs with welding irons and blow torches. It was only a matter of hours before they cracked.

The one-eyed brigadier-general notified

Andre Chevalier that he was going to call upon the U.S. 8th Air Force for an immediate strike by two squadrons of B-17's. They were faster than the R.A.F. Halifaxes, and more accurate in daylight precision bombing. There was no choice—the prison at Amiens had to be demolished.

The Free French ace jumped into a car and raced towards London. He arrived at Colonel Rapier's headquarters at 11 a.m., pleading for a delay as he burst into the room.

"Call the planes back!" he begged. "Call them back! The men won't talk. I know they won't."

"It's too late, Captain," the British general announced grimly.

"They're only fifteen minutes from the target area now," Colonel Rapier said. "Let's pray that the prisoners die quickly."

"You're murdering your own countrymen!" the pilot yelled bitterly. "Over a hundred patriotic Resistance men will die, and you call yourself a Frenchman! You're a stupid butcher!"

Colonel Rapier didn't answer. He was too choked up to say anything. He stared at the clock on the wall and wished that it was all over.

Then the phone on his desk rang. He picked it up mechanically.

"Are you sure?" he suddenly asked. "Bon . . . I want the following message sent immediately . . . Blue Raven to Red Eagle . . . The bird has flown . . . I'll repeat . . . The bird has flown. Keep sending it until they acknowledge. Most urgent."

He turned to Andre Chevalier. "If you know how to pray, you can start now," he announced.

"What did that message mean?" the fighter ace asked.

"The Resistance just signalled that the two saboteurs being tortured died without talking a few hours ago. I've ordered the B-17's to return. If they only get the message in time . . . They're less than ten minutes from Amiens."

"They'll turn," Andre Chevalier predicted. "I know they will. They can't kill my brother. I'm going to get him out. I've got it all planned."

There was a long silence.

"They can't kill my brother," the pilot kept repeating stubbornly.

The general glanced at the sweep second hand of the big wall clock, and shook his head.

"Three minutes," he said grimly. His forehead was covered with sweat.

Exactly 90 seconds before the bombs were to fall, the phone rang again. The B-17's had been contacted just as they sighted Amiens, and they changed targets to hit a rail junction 60 miles north instead. This time Andre Chevalier didn't wait to be invited to have a drink. He simply walked over to the cognac and poured himself a stiff drink.

At 11:50 p.m. on the night of the 23rd, a Blenheim bomber of the R.A.F. took off with an 18-passenger glider in tow. Flying in the midst of a formation of other planes on their way to plaster Abbeville, this bomber dived low and released the glider over an abandoned French Air Force strip 22 miles from Amiens a few minutes after the others started their bombing run. The signal lights from the Resistance group on the ground blinked that the landing was successful. Part One of the bold long-shot rescue operation was complete.

At 9:20 a.m. on May 24th, eight P-51 fighter-bombers slowly rolled down to the

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end of the Number Two runway at an airfield south of London. "You may take off at oh-nine-two-one," the controller in the tower announced in clipped tones. It was just another flight to him, and less than 20 men in England knew how much was riding with those planes.

The P-51's roared up to 22,000 feet and headed east towards the enemy-occupied continent. Andre Chevalier was flying the lead ship. He test-fired two bursts from his wing guns and checked his radio equipment. He looked at his watch and knew that the B-17's were already over the Channel. The bombers were the safety factor that Supreme Allied Headquarters had insisted upon so flatly. The B-17's were to reach Amiens eight minutes after the low-level skip-bombing attack on the prison. If the P-51's didn't succeed in breaching the huge stone walls, then the bombers would destroy the entire prison and everyone in it.

"Lord Nelson to Napoleon," his earphones crackled suddenly. "Lord Nelson to Napoleon." He recognized Colonel Rapier's own voice calling him. It must be extremely urgent. "Condition green. Operation impossible. Return to base."

Andre Chevalier shook his head. He didn't give a damn if bad weather over Amiens and the rest of Picardy made the success of the pinpoint skip-bombing unlikely. He knew in his heart that the skies would clear, that he'd blast his brother free. He peered ahead without answering. He saw the glistening strip of water that the French called "La Manche" and the English named The Channel.

"Tighten up," he snapped to the men in his flight. The eight ships closed up swiftly.

The clouds were almost solid as the P-51's thundered over the water, but Capitaine Chevalier's mind was already inside the prison. The priest from the town must have already warned the captives of what was coming, must have alerted them to avoid the walls as soon as they heard the planes diving to attack. The raid had been carefully planned to coincide with the one hour daily recreation period, the only time that the battered prisoners were allowed out of their cells.

"Lord Nelson to Napoleon," Colonel Rapier called again. "Operation too dangerous with condition green. Return to base immediately. This is an order."

"Four minutes to target area," Andre Chevalier told his team. "I'll go in first. Just do everything the way we practiced."

"Return to base!" the radio insisted. "Big brothers at three o'clock!" one of the rear planes reported.

The B-17's were a little ahead of schedule. They weren't taking any chances.

"Bandits at six o'clock! Bandits!" one of the wing men yelled. Chevalier saw the five ME-109's racing in behind him. Ordinarily he'd be glad to slug it out with them, but today he had another job.

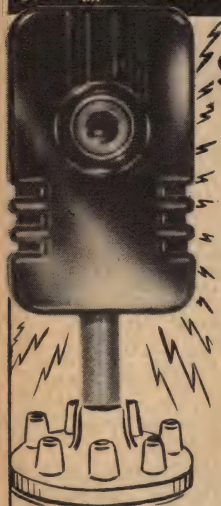
"Number two section will engage bandits," he ordered coolly. He saw four of his ships jettison their bombs over a bridge and roar off to take on the Luftwaffe.

"Two minutes to target," he announced calmly like a tour conductor who'd done this trip a thousand times before.

Suddenly the clouds parted and Chevalier smiled grimly.

"Jean will follow me, and then Pierre and Edouard will finish it off thirty seconds later... NOW!"

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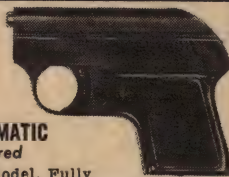


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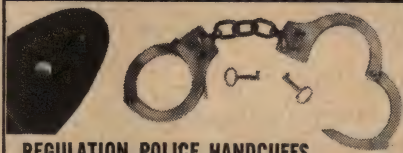


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A dozen anti-aircraft guns were hurling hot death into the sky all around him. The heavy machine guns in the guard towers on the prison wall began spitting steel. The P-51's screamed down out of the heavens like avenging eagles, diving straight towards the huge stone walls. Suddenly the planes pulled up, and in that instant they released their 500-pound bombs.

"Direct hit!" one of the second pair of pilots sang out as *Capitaine Chevalier's* bomb crashed squarely against the wall. His wing-man's missile bounced a little too much, struck the barrier about 20 feet above the ground.

"You're next, *mes amis*," Chevalier invited. He started climbing for altitude for a second pass, for he still had another 500 pounder to deliver. He was up at 6,000 feet again when he saw Pierre and Edouard dump their bombs. One failed to explode, but the other blew a four-foot opening in the wall.

"Let's finish this," he ordered his wing man. Then he saw smoke trailing from Pierre's plane, and he realized that one of the guns on top of the prison wall had riddled it with incendiaries.

He rammed his P-51 straight down in a screaming dive, leveled off at 40 feet above ground and, like a torpedo bomber, roared in to a scant 600 feet before he released the bomb. As he pulled up he spotted one of the guard-towers in his gun sight, and he didn't hesitate for a minute. He pumped 20 mm. cannon shells into the machinegun post, blowing it to pieces. He felt a lot better as he climbed again to survey the results.

There were two gaps in the massive wall. One was about four feet wide and eight feet high, the other six feet wide and five feet high. Prisoners were pouring across the flagstones of the exercise yard, racing desperately for this one wild chance for freedom. Two of the watch-towers were spraying bullets at the escaping prisoners, but Andre Chevalier stopped that abruptly.

"Edouard! Knock out those towers!" he ordered. "I'll take the one on the right. Let's go!"

Exactly 30 seconds later, there were two less watch-towers and eight fewer Gestapo men at the prison at Amiens. The fugitives were sprinting across the field to the woods, and Chevalier spotted the tiny red flashes of the *maquis* Tommy-guns concealed in the trees. Just as the last prisoner vanished into the underbrush, the main gate of the prison opened and two swastika-decorated armored cars raced out in hot pursuit. The fighter ace realized the light automatic weapons of the *maquis* would be useless against them.

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The three planes wheeled to head for the field where the glider waited. They zoomed overhead just as the first of the panting escapees crashed out of the trees and staggered towards the big wood and canvas bird. They were climbing into the fuselage when Chevalier heard the shout.

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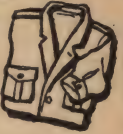
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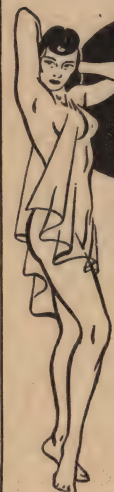
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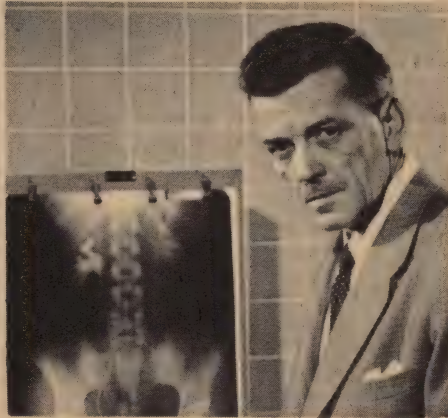
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He looked up, saw the pair of Messerschmitts that had pierced his defensive screen. He knew exactly what to do. These were Germans. These were the men who'd been torturing Henri. He would destroy them.

The fight lasted less than five minutes. Andre Chevalier chopped down one of the ME-109's himself, and collaborated with the wing man on the second kill. Then he saw the twin-engine Mosquito bomber flash low over the field and jerk the glider up towards freedom. Two of the P-51's were missing, so there were only six to fly escort on the way back. The B-17's roared off for an industrial target near Paris.

As the strange squadron roared over the Channel, 12 R.A.F. Spitfires joined them to cover the rest of the route. Five Luftwaffe fighters trailed the glider until that moment, and then the Germans decided that they didn't like the odds at all.

"Fantastique, Andre!" his wing man congratulated.

"Merveilleux, Capitaine," Edouard agreed.

But it was too early for rejoicing, for Andre Chevalier still had no idea of whether his brother had been among those rescued. He stared at the glider for several seconds before he shrugged in resignation. He'd know in an hour now.

Three hours later, the squawk box on Colonel Rapier's desk announced visitors. The intelligence officer pressed the switch to open the heavy steel door. Three men entered.

The first was a red-faced British brigadier general with a patch over one eye and an utterly amazed look.

The second was a tall, thin, captain in the Free French Air Force.

The third was a husky but tired-looking man, whose hands and face were almost completely covered with bandages.

"We ought to shoot you, you madman!" Colonel Rapier said as he rushed forward and threw his arms around the fighter ace in an uncontrolled moment of affection.

"Absolutely insane," the dazed general said to nobody in particular. He still couldn't believe it. "Not only did he get them out, but the bugger got himself another one and a half kills. I don't know what to say."

"Gentlemen, I'd like to introduce you to my older brother," the smiling aviator announced happily. "May I present Henri Chevalier of Amiens."

"It is a great privilege to meet you—one that I never expected," the rescued Resistance leader said slowly.

Then he sat down and Colonel Rapier brought out the last of his good cognac. They all drank quietly for a few minutes.

"Tell me, I know that you were cruelly tortured," the brigadier began apologetically. "Did you..."

"I said nothing. Not a word. You may be sure of that," the battered hero replied.

"Of course he didn't," Andre Chevalier explained coolly. "I told you that he was my brother."

Colonel Rapier grinned. Then he leaned over and whispered to the courageous pilot who'd just pulled off the most incredible rescue in military history.

"Tell me, Andre, weren't you at all nervous?"

"No, mon colonel," the fighter ace replied with a wink, "but I'll tell you a secret. I've never been so damned scared in my whole life."

END

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COMING OF AGE OF JEREMIAH ADKINS

(Continued from page 18)

money to buy a string of big St. Louis traps, which cost \$12 each. Now he was a trapper—a Mountain Man. He had served his apprenticeship and had run into amazing luck. The 200 pounds of pelts, at \$7 a pound (the price paid by the fur companies the year before), added up to \$1,400, a fantastic fortune to the youth.

Enough to buy a farm in Vermont, if he wanted it, and to get a lush and buxom lass as a wife to satisfy the yearning for a woman that was always deep in his loins. Women had been in those dreams during the long winter nights, taunting and tantalizing his waking hours, until the urge was strong, a bone aching passion.

Now Spring had come and he was leaving the mountains to sell his pelts and reap his reward. Warm winds had melted the deep snow in the valleys, the ravines, the passes and on the mountainsides. Birds chirped merrily as they flew from tree to tree in their mating calls. Wild animals, feeling the call of love, cavorted around him boldly and unafraid. The air was warm and seductive, filled with the smell of pines, flowers and sage, a part of the mating season. Jeremiah's feeling for a woman grew heavier, like his body would suddenly burst with it.

He had heard tales of the "Carnival of Women" at Big Louie's trading post, called the Rendezvous, in the junction where the Agie Pogo and Wind Rivers join to flow into the Big Horn. Old-time trappers had warned him against stopping at Big Louie's as strange things happened there to trappers and their pelts. It was far better, they told him, to pass up this temptation and go to Poposia, where the American Fur Company would buy his skins and he would be safe.

But Jeremiah was young, tall and strong, afraid of neither man nor beast. He wanted a woman. There would be Indian girls at Big Louie's, the daughters of the Snake and Nez Perce nations. It wasn't like getting a white woman, but, goddam, a woman was a woman and he had heard the stories of how these Indian squaws were taught to do things to satisfy a white man, tricks no white woman knew. Then, too, these squaws were cheap, only wanting a few trinkets and beads, which could be bought for a few dollars.

It was a long stretch down the trail through the foothills to the lush green Horse Creek Valley. Jeremiah's strides were long and steady as desire drove him on.

It was near mid-May when he came into the Valley and saw the smoke curling lazily from the roof of Big Louie's sprawling trading post, the Rendezvous.

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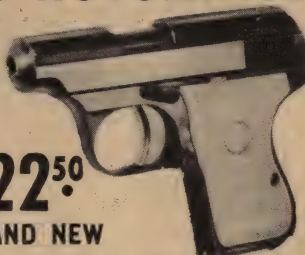
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As he neared the log building he could see some trappers already there, and at one side a group of Indian women. The sight of the women inflamed his blood with the thundering roar of all those winter-night dreams. He kicked the rumps of his two pack ponies, jarring them out of their lazy gait, and Jeremiah and his ponies trotted in.

Twenty squaws were in an excited group, waiting for the signal from Big Louie to start the Carnival of Women. They were young girls, prettier than any Indian girls Jeremiah had ever seen. Their pale-gold bodies were slim and desirable, breasts swelling full and firm under their elk skin gowns. All had bead bands around their heads to hold their black hair in place and let it fall gracefully down over their shoulders—taunting, inviting.

Grinning young Indian bucks were there with them to see that the white man paid the trinkets and didn't cheat the girls. To these young bucks and squaws, drawn there by the blandishments of Big Louie, there was nothing immoral for a squaw to get trinkets for something any young buck might grab if he had a chance.

The girls giggled, raised their breasts to the eager and impatient trappers, lifted their fringed skirts to taunt and tease them. All the time their hips and bodies were moving loose and hungry for the trinkets and the flesh of the white man.

Jeremiah saw all this as he ran into the trading post. Big Louie was behind the fur center. He was a huge man, with heavy-jowled cheeks and small beady eyes. His mother was a Snake Indian and his father a renegade Spaniard from California.

Big Louie had fattened rich for several years bushwhacking trappers as they came over the passes in the Spring with their year's catch. But the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Company, with the aid of the U. S. Government, moved to put a stop to these killings. The fur companies didn't give a whore's damn what happened to these Mountain Men, but they wanted and needed their furs. Fur thieves were too smart to sell stolen pelts to any nearby company.

That's how the system of "burning the pelts" was started. A law was passed that no skins could be sold or bought that didn't have the name of the original owner burned on the inside of the pelt, near the top of the tail. Branding irons with their names became as essential to the beaver men's equipment as their rifles.

This made killing dangerous, and Big Louie, being a cautious man with all his evil, found an easier and safer way to rob. The trading post at Rendezvous was only a front for his vicious plan. Big Louie offered the highest prices for pelts and, as an added attraction, rounded up the young juvenile delinquents among the pretty girls of the Snake and Nez Perce to play their part in the Car-

nival of Women. Big Louie knew the deep yearning of trappers after a winter in the mountains and this played an important part in his plan of robbery.

When Jeremiah rushed into the post building, Big Louie looked up quickly and, just as quickly, his mind which was attuned to sizing up a victim, decided that here was a youngster, a sucker if he ever saw one.

He gave Red Rock, his half-breed chief henchman and No. 1 killer, a knowing look, and said to Jeremiah in his booming voice, "Well, well, now we be having a boy trapper. How be you and the beavers up Wind River Mountains?"

"Two hundred pounds of pelts out there on my pack ponies," Jeremiah answered proudly. "That's \$1,400 dollars, enough to buy a farm in Vermont..."

Big Louie let out a belly laugh. "A farm boy... well, well... you be wanting some fun with the girls before going back to the farm? The carnival will start in a few minutes. Here are trinkets and beads. My men will get your pelts, weigh them, and when the fun is over, we'll settle up and you'll get your money for the farm."

Jeremiah grabbed the trinkets and beads and ran out on the square. Big Louie chuckled. "Great God and Almighty Thunder, a trapper wanting to be a farmer! He's an easy sucker."

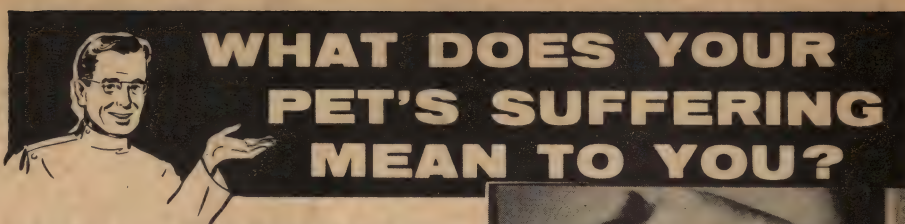
Red Rock, tall, with a thin face and the eyes of a panther, nodded without expression.

Big Louie's system of handling his victims was a masterpiece of simplicity and cunning. He was too smart to bilk all the trappers who came to the Rendezvous, knowing if he did, none would return the next year, and there might be an investigation. He limited the number of robberies, to around 15, picking the young and inexperienced, and those he believed least likely to raise a fuss.

All he needed was a bill of sale properly signed. Sex and whiskey made this easy to get from the men he robbed. All got roaring drunk during the wenching week, came to him for more money and, in their drunken state, they would sign anything, not knowing what it was.

Once he had this precious piece of paper, Big Louie didn't give a damn what the victim said, or how loud he yelled. If he was reasonable, Big Louie would stake him with supplies for another winter. If he got too loud and too insistent, indicating he might talk too much, Big Louie's henchmen, as effective and cold-blooded killers as that part of the Old West ever knew, would promptly dispose of him via a knife or a bullet. The fur companies had no interest in what happened to a trapper as long as he had signed the proper papers. This made it all legal and safe for Big Louie.

The men who were not robbed, were paid generously for their pelts, and they left singing the praises of



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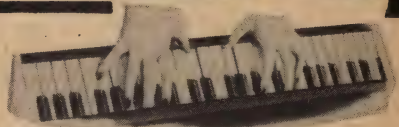
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Big Louie. They were good salesmen and usually brought Big Louie a bigger batch of traders the next Spring. From the 15 robbed, Big Louie reaped a harvest as plentiful as his best years of bushwhacking. It was all neat work, without much danger.

There were 20 trappers in the square. More would be coming during the week. A bugle sounded and the Carnival of Women was on. The Indian girls ran for the trappers and the trappers ran for them, the two groups colliding in the center of the square, with the girls squealing, the Indian bucks arguing angrily for trinkets for the girls, and the trappers cursing the bucks for their greediness.

A shaggy haired, old trapper shouted, "Sonofabitch, one string of beads, only one!"

A tall Indian buck, doing the bargaining, was yelling in his language and holding up two fingers. The squaw settled the argument quickly and deftly. She threw her arms around the grizzled trapper's neck and her hand went down over his body. He yelled, "Sonofabitch!" again, tossed two strings of beads to the buck, picked up the squaw and carried her to one of the tent lodges provided by Big Louie for the trappers and their love festival.

Other trappers were carrying squaws to these tents. Jeremiah grabbed a pretty girl and didn't argue about the price. He gave the buck all the trinkets and beads Big Louie had given him, took the squirming, giggly Indian maiden in his arms and ran with long strides for a love tent.

His breath was thick in his throat as he got inside the tent. There was a buffalo robe on the dirt floor. The loneliness of all those months faded in the fury of his passion. To him the squaw was a beautiful woman, all the beautiful women he had ever dreamed about. He had the strength of the mountains and the roaring floods of the springtide. He was a God, a giant among men. The buffalo rug was a volcano of violence such as he had never before known.

It passed and he stood up. The fury of his body was gone and his head was light, his bones heavy with weariness. The ache he had known so long was no more. Everything was unreal, like he had awakened from a long dream of desire. It had been good and it hadn't been good. The Indian squaw didn't cotton to all the fooling around that white men put into their love-making. It all seemed mighty fast, like it was over before it started.

His blood and his mouth were dry, like the parched buffalo grass on the high plains. Jeremiah wasn't much of a hand at drinking whiskey, but Big Louie had no other drink. So he bought a can of the terrible whiskey, powerful enough to make a wooden Indian a seducer. He coughed and spit when he first gulped it, but enough got down to start his blood running through his veins and he was ready for the squaw again.

The rest of that Week of the Car-

nival of Women was only a fragment of a drunken memory, of Indian squaws running around naked and the bearded white Mountain Men chasing them and not always taking them inside the tent lodges when they caught them. Jeremiah remembered buying more whiskey from Big Louie and he faintly recalled signing some kind of paper.

Then the week of wenching was over. The squaws had gone back to their tribes, loaded down with beads and trinkets which would be the envy of the more virtuous squaws who followed the rigid code of Indian morals. The square in front of the post and the grounds around the tents were covered with empty whiskey cans and pieces of elk skin torn from the gowns of the running Indian girls. The trappers walked around groaning from the soreness in their loins, preparing to start the winter-long vigil of beaver.

Young Jeremiah awoke in his tent lodge, lying on the buffalo rug, his head splitting and a dirty taste in his mouth. He didn't remember much of that week. He was tired now, physically and mentally, but he felt calm and peaceful in his tiredness. He was glad the squaw wasn't around. He had had his fill of women for some time.

He got to his feet slowly and thought of his \$1,400 and he began to dream again, this time of the future and what he would do with his fortune. Voices sounded outside his tent. Bill Sturgess, a Mountain Man, was yelling, "Them damn thieves, them varmints, stealing all my skins and telling me I signed a bill of sale for them. Goddamn, I didn't know what I signed. I was crazy drunk. But I ain't been paid for my pelts."

Another trapper, an old and experienced hand said, "And you never will be, you squaw-pounding dope. And if you don't keep your mouth shut, you ain't living. Louie's killers ain't never letting blabber mouths like you live."

Jeremiah stiffened as a stomach-sucking fear clutched him. He remembered signing a piece of paper when he was drunk. His \$1,400! He was out of the tent and across the square to the post building. He burst into the fur room. Big Louie was arguing with two Mountain Men, who were still fuzzy-brained from the drink and from the squaws.

"You drunken coyotes," Big Louie was yelling at them, "you ain't got nothing coming for your pelt. I got bills of sale and you both signed them."

Jeremiah pushed the two trappers to one side, stood facing Big Louie, who let out a bellowing laugh. "Here be the farm boy. All sober and nice now after pounding the squaws for a week. You ain't be thinkin' you got some money coming? I got your name on that little slip of paper. . . ."

"I want my money for my pelts," Jeremiah said slowly. "I bought a few cans of whiskey from you and that ain't never adding up to \$1,400."

Big Louie squinted his beady little eyes. "Now, listen, boy," he said. "You don't be knowing the ways of the Mountain Men. You made a mistake and got drunk and spent your money. I'll stake you to a year's supply of salt and flour and powder. The next time you come down out of the mountains, keep away from whiskey!"

"I want my \$1,400," Jeremiah said quietly. "I came here to settle up with you like you said we would do."



"She'll be right out . . . Okay?"

Big Louie's face flushed and he had trouble finding his words. "You . . . you . . . damn fool," he finally roared. "Ain't you knowin' that I settled with you and you signed the bill of sale?"

"I signed a paper for some whiskey," Jeremiah answered. "I didn't sign away my skins. I'm here to settle and to get my money."

The two Mountain Men had slipped out of the building, sensing a cyclone would hit any minute. They knew Big Louie as a man with the strength of a bear in a fight, strength that would kill a man by twisting his arm around a trapper's neck.

Other trappers had followed Jeremiah from his tent. They were among those who had been robbed. But none had the guts to face Big Louie and accuse him. Inside the building, Red Rock moved closer to Big Louie and his hand was on the long-bladed knife in his belt. Other henchmen of the trader appeared out of nowhere, stood behind Big Louie with rifles cradled in their arms.

Jeremiah Adkins saw all this, but he didn't move back. There was courage in that slim body, the courage of the Minute Men handed down by grandfather and father, as hard and tough as the granite hills of his native Vermont.

"I'm asking you again," Jeremiah said, in the same soft-spoken voice, "to settle up for my pelts."

The flush in Big Louie's cheeks grew deeper. "I got your signed paper," he roared. "Now get out of here before I jump over this counter and choke the goddamned life out of you!"

"You're a liar," Jeremiah said. "A damned liar and a thief to boot, and maybe a killer."

Big Louie moved. He had the speed of a cat. His long arms went over the counter. Red Rock, yanking the knife from his belt, went to join Big Louie, and the two henchmen with the rifles brought them up.

Jeremiah moved a split second faster than Big Louie. His right hand shot out, caught the oncoming Red Rock flush on the jaw. The half-breed pitched forward on the floor with a soft guttural groan.

Jeremiah's left crashed into Big Louie's face. He let out a bellow, came over the counter as if the blow had been no more than the tap of a woman's fan. His big powerful arms closed around Jeremiah's body with bone-crushing strength.

But Jeremiah let his body relax and Big Louie's arms closed on something as limp as a rag. Then Jeremiah's knee came up, powerful and swift, caught Big Louie in the groin. His yell of pain could be heard far beyond the log building. Big Louie lashed out, hitting Jeremiah full in the face, throwing him back against the door and the force of his body knocked the door open and he fell outside on the porch.

Jeremiah rolled off the porch onto the square. Big Louie came out of the post door and across the porch like a mad bear. He was better than six feet

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tall, 240 pounds of hard muscle and a giant whose physical prowess was known far beyond the Wind River country. He drove for Jeremiah's body and landed on it, but the youth slipped out from under and instantly was on his feet.

The young Vermonter was a good six feet himself, but he weighed only 174 pounds, tough as thonged leather. But his weight seemed no match for the bear-like strength of Big Louie.

The Mountain Men gathered around the two combatants, holding their rifles. Bill Sturgess yelled to Big Louie's henchmen who had come out on the porch, "This be a fair fight between two men, and the first varmint that fires a shot at the kid will be drilled by twenty rifles!"

The henchmen understood and stepped back and made no move to use their guns. Red Rock, recovering from the blow to his jaw, tumbled out on the porch, waving his long-bladed knife, not quite able to understand what had happened. He saw the Mountain Men forming a circle around Big Louie and Jeremiah and he made no move to leave the porch.

Big Louie was on his feet, crouching low, his huge gorilla-like arms swinging back and forth as he moved on the young trapper, who was standing erect with body relaxed. Big Louie rushed. Jeremiah side-stepped him and lashed out his right hand against Big Louie's jaw. The big man grunted, whirled around, and came on relentlessly. His long arms went out, and then swung to the right as Jeremiah again side-stepped him. The arms caught Jeremiah, flung him up in the air as if he were a toy. The youth landed on his back, but Big Louie didn't leap on him. He brought his heel down in Jeremiah's face and blood gushed from the youth's cheeks.

Louie's heel went down again, to torture the helpless Jeremiah until Big Louie decided to close in for the kill.

Jeremiah moved. His fingers closed around the ankle of Big Louie, raised the foot up, and Big Louie did a crazy, backward somersault, landing in a crumpled heap. Jeremiah used his heels and blood was now gushing from Big Louie's face.

Before he could leap up, Jeremiah was on him, pinning his head down with his left arm, his right hammering at Big Louie's bloody face. Big Louie let out a thunderous bellow, came up with an insane fury and strength, knocking Jeremiah away from him. The two crouched low, blood still gushing from their faces, circling each other like stalking animals.

Then Big Louie rushed forward. Jeremiah took the charge and the two men went down, with Jeremiah under the ponderous weight and strength of Big Louie. Big Louie's huge hands reached for the youth's throat. Jeremiah tried to twist free, but couldn't move. The fingers of Big Louie were around his throat, pressing harder.

Darkness was coming over Jeremiah. His body suddenly went weak and helpless. He couldn't move his shoulders or his arms. His right leg was free. He brought it up with the last remaining ounce of strength in his body and his knee hit Big Louie in the stomach. The fingers around Jeremiah's throat relaxed for a moment, and in that split second Jeremiah came to life, whirled his body around and got halfway out from under Big Louie. Big Louie's right caught Jeremiah on the side of the head with a crushing blow but the youth had sensed it coming and rolled with it.

This didn't do much good, except to prevent the blow from knocking him unconscious. In his dazed and half-conscious state, Jeremiah twisted his body again. This time he was clear of Big Louie. Full consciousness came back to Jeremiah and, with a cold, deadly fury, he was on Big Louie, turning him on his back. His right elbow

went under Big Louie's head and, before the giant could move, Jeremiah had thrown the whole weight and force of his body against Big Louie's head, snapping it to the ground, with the man's neck held by Jeremiah's elbow and arm.

There was a sickening crackling of bones. A muffled, weak grin came from Big Louie's bloody lips. And then no sound came from him. His body was limp in death, his neck broken.

Jeremiah staggered to his feet, weak, dazed and bloody. He heard a wild yell from the Mountain Men. Then he heard a rifle roar and then other rifles were firing. Jeremiah staggered forward, blinked his eyes to clear the blood from them, and then he saw what the firing was about.

Red Rock and Big Louie's henchmen were fleeing from the Rendezvous, and the Mountain Men were shooting at them. But the henchmen and Red Rock escaped. The Mountain Men were around Jeremiah, yelling their praises.

"My pelts," was all Jeremiah could say. "I have to get them."

He and the other trappers got their winter's catch and they took it to Poposia, where the American Fur Company paid them \$7 a pound. Big Louie's Rendezvous, at the junction of the Agie Pago and the Wind Rivers remained deserted for years until the first cabins of the present city of Riverton, Wyo., were built by settlers and traders.

For 50 years the fight between Jeremiah Adkins and Big Louie was a legend repeated at every trappers' gathering in the West. Jeremiah took his \$1,400 and returned to Vermont, where he bought a farm. A few years later he turned to politics and was elected to Congress.

The first bill Jeremiah introduced in Congress provided for the registration of buyers of furs in the Territories—a law that is still on the books. END

YOU CAN MAKE HUNTING PAY CASH

(Continued from page 20)

transportation and distances to seacoasts and seaports.

If you like to rough it and make a living with your rifle under sporting circumstances, the skin trade is for you. But there is much more to this rugged business than meets the eye.

First, you'll have to decide where you're going to hunt, and then concentrate on that particular area. Pick any one of a dozen political areas ranging from Dakar in Senegal down to Portuguese Angola on the Atlantic coast. And anywhere from the Sudan down to Somaliland on the east coast.

Why choose your area on the coast? Because in the skin trade, most of your

shooting will be along rivers. The mouths of rivers are teeming with fish, and the principal game you're after is the animal that kills the most fish and people in Africa—the crocodile.

Now the crocs of the world may be man-eaters, but if they had to depend on men, women and children as a steady diet, they'd all starve in a month. Crocodiles need fish in plentiful supply and that means they feed either near seacoasts or in large swampy areas inland where fresh water fish breed freely.

When shooting crocs and caimans in southern Mexico and Guatemala years ago, I first learned how thickly fish can breed in coastal lagoons. This area had been extensively hunted, yet in lagoons within a few hundred yards of the sea the supply of shrimp, baitfish, and mature fish supported a population of hundreds of crocs per square mile.

If you are truly attracted to the discomfort, danger, and adventure of this

life, brace yourself for some hard headwork before you go into it. Because like warfare, every foray into the skin trade needs excellent organization before the first shot is fired.

So you pick your area, depending mainly on what you have been able to read in your own local public library. There are no books listing all the possible croc-hunting areas, with a comparison of their relative merits, abundance, seasons and regulations. In fact, there are less than half a dozen books in print on African crocodile shooting.

The wet and dry seasons vary considerably on both sides of Africa. But the greatest variation you'll run up against is in local laws and regulations between political areas of nearby regions. In some areas "aliens," meaning any person not born under that flag, may not legally shoot crocodiles without paying excessive taxes to export the skins. In others, expensive licenses are required. In still others, nobody

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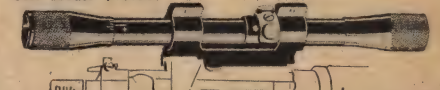
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cares what you do to a crocodile, as long as the beast ends up dead.

So once you've picked the area that attracts you most, write for information. Your best bet is to write directly to the game department and to the customs and export license division of your chosen territory.

Only from employees of the country or political area itself can you always get straight, current information on laws affecting your shooting and exporting of croc skins. In some cases you can get this information by writing to the commercial attaché of the U.S. Embassy, if the area is a country, or to the U.S. Vice Consul if the area is a territory. Address your letter to this official at the capitol or principal port. U.S. State Department employees will do the best they can to get all the information concerning local laws. But in many cases the time required for the frequent reports they must make to Washington keeps foreign service employees from being informed on all such local regulations. So, if you want to be absolutely sure, get your information straight from the horse's mouth.

When you've finally made your decision about the area you'd like to cover and are satisfied that you can legally shoot crocs and ship out their skins, you're roughly half-ready to take off on the great adventure.

Your next move is to convince a friend that your idea is sound, and get him to team up with you. Africa's cities may be thoroughly civilized, but where you're going, nature is almost exactly like it was a million years ago. You'll have to live in the same climate that stone-age men did, with the same problems of fever, snakes, accidents and not knowing the local language. The least you can do, in the name of horse-sense and survival, is to take along a pal who is completely loyal and equally good at dealing with emergencies and bad luck. Because emergencies come to everybody sooner or later. And your ability to meet and survive them depends to a great extent on who else is there and whether they really give a damn whether you survive or not.

Once you've arranged for a partner, you begin another of the several bits of staff work that can make or break your expedition. More important than guns, more important than paludrine against malaria, more important even than clean drinking water, is a packet you'll carry wrapped in waterproof cloth. In this packet will be your papers.

Never underestimate the value of having proper documents. A human being in mid-twentieth century without proper papers legally doesn't exist.

Officials can toss you in the clink in a number of places on unimportant charges. Without proper papers nobody may hear of you again. Why be an unidentified alien who gets sick and becomes a statistic for the local potter's field, when you could be a live and kicking Yankee in distress? There are a number of ways to get in trouble in any political area. One of the easiest is to successfully make money and

rouse the envy of others right under the noses of officials. The most important thing to remember is never to be without your papers. They serve for identification, for communication, and for the feeling of personal importance they give to local officials.

These papers start with a valid passport. Including photographs, this will cost you a mere \$13. You will also need a valid certificate of vaccination against smallpox, and a certificate of inoculation against yellow fever. These usually need to be stamped by the government of the area in which you will be shooting, and the International Form should be used.

Your passport should contain the proper visas for the countries or territories in which you will be traveling. These visas may be obtained from the embassies of the countries in Washington, D.C. In addition you will be wise to carry a statement from a local police official in the county where you live, attesting to your good character. Any cards showing membership in the Red Cross, a rifle club, a photographic club, etc., should be kept with your official documents.

A friend of mine traveling in temporarily closed territory had his way miraculously smoothed and was given official hospitality all because, in addition to his identification papers, he carried a card showing his membership in the National Geographic Society!

Almost as important as your own identification papers will be your copies of firearms certificates. These must clearly state the makes and calibers of the guns you have with you, including their serial numbers, and the quantities and calibers of ammunition you are bringing into the country. Such certificates usually have to be filed with the local police. Your own copies prove this action has been taken. They are evidence that you have not smuggled arms into the area, or allowed any weapons to fall into unauthorized hands.

Wherever you go and no matter how short a time you stay, you will probably be required to take out a license as a commercial hunter. These vary considerably in cost, and in local requirements. Some areas do not require a license. In others, you'll not only have to have a license, you'll have to have been a resident of the area for one or more years before eligible for one. Your commercial hunting license is entirely separate from the licensing of your firearms.

Now you can begin to realize the importance of always carrying your personal papers, and of clearly understanding the regulations for the area you expect to cover. There's a lot of bother and delay in getting these papers in order, and in having at least four copies of your photograph attached to various applications.

If you're going into the skin trade, you must be one of those determined people who's willing to sweat through months of waiting and form-filling. When all the paper work is finally completed and you've checked with the

consul of your area, you'll feel exactly like an international incident waiting to happen.

Those papers and the months of preparation will all be worth it if they help you avoid even a few days in a local jail. In the part of the world you're going to, human life is cheap, and sickening diseases are regarded as normal. A local official who feels you lack sufficient respect for his high office or a proper understanding of his native language, can bring you to a dead stop. A couple of days of thirsty waiting while he telegraphs another official for instructions, can induce you to drink water you'd never swallow in your right mind. And the tiny rascals that live in polluted water can kill you almost as fast as a snake's venom.

Now that you have a hunting area, a pal, and the proper papers, you're ready for the last of the preparations. You need to organize an outfit that will do the job—and it must be light enough to transport on your backs. Any duffle you can't carry yourself is very likely to get separated and lost whenever you change transportation. And there's no point in bringing equipment thousands of miles only to have it vanish just as you're getting ready to use it.

Clothes are easy to gather and store. You'll need three changes of shirts and pants, a raincoat or poncho, a couple pairs of sneakers, a pair of waterproof boots, and your ordinary street clothes for traveling. You can get a hat to protect you from the sun when you stock up on canned goods at a local store.

Salt is the most important supply and that can be picked up locally. In large crystals it's seldom over a cent a pound in seacoast cities or towns. You can mash it to finer grains in a shirt or sock, using a wooden stick.

Skin and salt your reptiles as soon as you possibly can. In Central America I have seen skins start to go bad, when no salt was available, after only two hours in the sun. A clean, fresh skin, well-salted, has absolutely no smell, and dries for shipping in less than a week in the shade, if it's been protected from rain.

Firearms are more difficult. First you ask the customs officials in your area what specific guns are allowed to be brought in, what duties must be paid, and what ammunition limits there are. Until you know the answers to these questions, don't make a move. The ideal combination is a service rifle, like the .30-06 or .303, a light rifle like a repeating .22, and a 12-gauge shotgun for both birds and emergencies.

Your service rifle is the most important. If necessary you could manage with this weapon alone. For maximum shocking power, you'll be shooting soft nose or hollow tip ammo exclusively. Each cartridge may cost you around 20 cents, but that's a small fee for providing you with a skin worth possibly as many dollars. Besides, it may save your life.

Make sure the area you are shooting in has no regulations against .22 caliber rifles. At least three African areas do.

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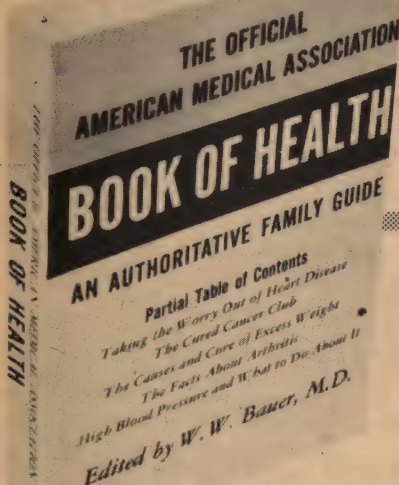
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P-49

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These are Kenya, Tanganyika and Portuguese Mozambique. Their regulations prohibit the use of a .22 rifle on any game animal.

There are fewer regulations against shotguns than any other form of firearm. Yet a charge of large buck shot, or a single rifled slug can deliver a tremendous shock. It can tear a hole through inches of bone and meat at close range. If you can afford the extra duty to be paid on a shotgun, it will repay you in the waterfowl you can bag in the early morning. It will also give you a second gun of assured shocking power in case your rifle is dumped overboard, or if its stock gets shattered, or the extractor goes faulty or any of the other things which can go wrong in the field.

Cooking utensils are simple. The most important of these is a one-gallon aluminum pressure-cooker. With this you boil your drinking water. You can also cook most game in half an hour and find it tender. But for water boiling it's the fastest thing invented. And everywhere in the tropics you either drink water that has been boiled—or wish you had.

The simplest and easiest gadget for preparing a meal in a rain storm is a single-burner kerosene stove. This stove, of the primus variety, weighs little more than a pound and has a flame like a blowtorch. And kerosene is cheaper than gasoline, and much safer to work with. You'll want a frying pan, dishes, cups, forks and spoons for yourselves, and for a couple of the local helpers you might have to hire.

Medical kits are vital. You'll want to carry light-weight remedies for fever, dysentery, cuts, wounds, infections and snake bites. A local doctor can advise you on the trade names of preparations. But you will want a snake-bite kit from Cutter Laboratories, and also "6-12" or similar preparations, as well as mosquito netting to hold off insect invasions. Nothing you can carry will prevent an occasional sting or bite from

wasps, centipedes, scorpions and marching army ants. But you can be prepared to fight off and treat the assaults of fever-producing insects with paludrine and other anti-malaria drugs, taken daily in protective doses.

Food is your smallest problem. Wherever you go, other men will have established shipping centers long before you. You will be able to buy canned meat and fish, rice, flour, sugar, and a host of other items, just as you could at any grocery store near home. You may not be able to get many fruits and vegetables, but fresh native varieties are usually available and many of them are delicious. In some places it's hard to find biscuits, rolls or cereals. Instead, you'll get game and fish, waterfowl, and mealies, those flat cakes that the poor people of the world eat, whether they call them tortillas, flapjacks or corncakes.

What's in it for you? Why sacrifice all the comfort and security of that good job you have? That's the heart of the matter. Ninety-five percent of the human race goes about its business, paying insurance premiums, and looking forward to raises and retirements. It's easy to do what is expected of you, to vote with the group and never change your pattern of existence.

The other five percent gives the majority something to talk about—and to envy. The members of this group are determined to get as much out of life as possible. They have realized that the individual and his hopes, dreams and energies, are the only hope of the group. They know you gain insight in proportion to the risks you take. They believe mankind's future lies in his understanding of himself. And for that understanding it's necessary for any thinking human to be alone from time to time.

Who becomes wealthy in the skin trade? In money, certainly not the hunters and skinners. Maybe the middlemen do. They are the buyers, the tanners and the luggage manufacturers.

This will always be so because no one has yet come up with a substitute for the tough, long-wearing qualities and inherent value of beautifully tanned skins of the wild creatures from the last remote spots on the planet.

Whether you're sleeping in a tent or a palm-thatched shelter, you will first listen to the night wind. Then you will hear the sounds of four-footed animals prowling, watching, listening as you do, making their kills under the same stars. You will get to know the value of your dying campfire because you'll see the eyes that glow beyond its range in the dark.

You won't think steadily about the ostriches you may get inland next week, or the four baits you have out for leopards. True, the ostriches may bring you nearly \$100 apiece in plumes, and the leopard skins are worth \$40 each, but there are other things to think about. If you're on the eastern side of the continent, you won't be thinking just about the bushbuck, waterbuck, reedbuck, or impala that you can drop, dress, and sun-dry for saleable *biltong* to the local natives. Nor will you be mulling over the currently low prices for croc skins—\$1 a foot for sale to local buyers, and just twice that in New York. You won't spend all your time weighing the merits of spending the six bucks to tan a clean, salt-cured skin in New York, though that six bucks spent will make a 12-foot belly skin worth 30 to 50 bucks. Instead, you will be first drowsing and then dreaming of the future. In your mind's eye you are far more likely to see visions of hydroelectric plants, big, beautiful highways, and cattle-filled plains as far as the eye can see. This is the Africa of the future.

If you are determined to go to adventurous Africa, get there as fast as you can, before it becomes a thing of the past. It has dimmed a good deal in the last half century. In another 50 years, it will likely be gone, and with it will go the last great frontier. **END**

WILLIE WALKER'S ONE-MAN WAR

(Continued from page 28)

white men who had less clothes on than the women. Gourds of *aquardiente*, that famed Nicaraguan whiskey made of sugar cane and possessing the kick of 10 army mules, were being passed around freely. Everybody was gloriously drunk. When the whim struck one of the bearded giants, he would pick up a *senorita* or *senora*, carry her kicking and laughing into a native hut to enjoy unmolested the fruits of drunken love.

These white giants with jutting beards constituted one of the strangest and most unusual armies known to any country. They numbered exactly fifty-eight brawling, rugged ruffians,

who could fight like demons as long as they were on full rations of whiskey, pretty girls, and chances for old-fashioned brawls whenever the mood struck them—and it struck often.

As they danced with the pretty *senoritas* and *senoras*, their leader sat in a room of the only brick building in the village. He was poring over maps with Don Riguel Samper, a Nicaraguan revolutionist. The leader of this strange array of fighting men, William Walker, was a slim, almost frail-looking man, only five feet six, weighing less than 150 pounds. His face was thin, intellectual. His eyes were gray and restless. He was William Walker, the greatest of all soldiers of fortune, and the most astounding of all his dazzling feats was the stealing of a whole country with 43 of these bearded soldiers.

Walker was born in Nashville, Tennessee. We can assume he was an unusually brilliant student because at

the age of twenty-one he was a practicing physician. But he soon tired of this profession and threw it up, to go to New Orleans and become a lawyer. He probably would have been a brilliant lawyer had he not fallen in love with the beautiful Helen Martin, and had not a cholera epidemic struck New Orleans and numbered her among its victims.

Broken hearted at her death, Walker tossed his law practice overboard and journeyed to the Far West to search for gold and adventure. He found plenty of both. The Mexican War broke out and he walked away from a fortune in gold mining to serve as an officer in the United States Army.

When the war was over, Walker began to get ideas about empire building. The state of Sonora in northern Mexico seemed like a plum that could easily be plucked. He formed his ragtail army and, in this adventure, learned one salient fact that he was

STARTING TO GET BALD?

take hope

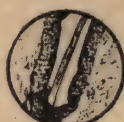
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Even where you now have no hair, the roots — or follicles — may still be alive—in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then "rests" before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time, it is believed, is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW — before it is too late.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small (and "resting"), the opening is plugged with sebaceous gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.

2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

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If you have (1) excessively falling hair, (2) ugly dandruff, (3) a rapidly receding hair line, or (4) any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

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You owe it also to your family and to your business acquaintances to give the Brandenfels HOME PLAN a thorough trial. While results may vary between individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial proportion of cases.

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1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown at the left.

2 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

3 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home Plan.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System—as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of the Brandenfels Plan.

HERE'S MORE EVIDENCE FOR HOPE

Letters, testimonials and scalp pictures (unretouched) are bona-fide. All are reproduced by permission.

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In addition, licensed CPA's have certified over 23,000 letters and reports telling of hair re-

growth, less excessive hair fall, relief from dandruff scale, other improved scalp conditions.

Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission given.

References: St. Helens Bank, U. S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce—all St. Helens, Oregon



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never to forget. That was: Never trust a revolutionary general. Walker's army won, but he never became president of the new republic. His Mexican general did, and Walker barely escaped with his life.

Next, Hawaii tempted him. He formed an army and captured the island, but he decided quickly that he had a profitless place on his hands. Pineapples in those years hadn't yet found a ready market. So Walker gave up this "empire," returned to San Francisco and obtained a job as a reporter on the San Francisco *World* purely to earn eating money while he shopped around for another country to conquer.

Walker cast his eyes toward Central America, on the Republic of Nicaragua in particular. In the 1850s, Nicaragua was one of the poorest countries in the world. It had no railroads, no postal service—nothing but poverty-stricken villages and endless revolutions. But Nicaragua is something of a geographical freak. Nicaragua Lake crosses the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the exception of a few miles of semi-solid land.

Even in the 1850s, men were dreaming of a shorter route to the Pacific. The men who would achieve that end would reap a vast fortune and would control the giant sea traffic. To Walker's keen mind, Nicaragua offered that chance. The only trouble with this dream was that the multi-millionaire empire builder, Commodore Vanderbilt, had had the exact same dream six years before and had gotten an agreement with the Nicaraguan government to build the canal.

Commodore Vanderbilt had no intention of building a canal. He saw a fortune in Lake Nicaragua without all the fuss and expense. In the small contract print, the Nicaraguan Government had, unknown to itself, given Vanderbilt exclusive rights to operate a shuttle service between the town of Juan on the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific Ocean.

This service was cheap to operate. The passengers for the West Coast, or points in the Pacific, would disembark at Juan, take a coach across the few miles of land to Lake Nicaragua to ferries which would carry them across that body of water to the Pacific Coast, where they got ships to Frisco or the Far East. This ferry saved 12,000 miles of sea travel and hundreds of dollars for each voyager.

But Walker dreamed of a canal. He contacted Don Riguel Samper, a revolutionary leader who had been kicked out of power. Samper agreed to supply 1,200 native troops if Walker could raise an army of 300 Americans. Walker quickly found that his part was not going to be easy. Nobody seemed to worry much about Nicaragua, but fighting Commodore Vanderbilt was another matter. He owned the United States Congress, the War Department and the Naval Department. Fighting him was like fighting the United States itself. Persons with money to gamble

on such a project shied away from Walker. The best he could do was to raise enough cash to buy an army of 58 bearded ruffians, all former miners who were broke and ready for any adventure as long as it entailed whiskey, women and a minimum of discipline.

With some difficulty and much haggling about price, Walker finally was able to charter the *Vestia*, a smelly, leaky old tub, to transport his ragtail army to Nicaragua. It took the *Vestia* six weeks to make the trip to Realejo, the Nicaragua port on the Pacific. During those six weeks, Walker's ex-miners had no whiskey and no women. They were bellowing maniacs when they got off the ship, and demanded liquor and women before they would do one minute's fighting.

Don Riguel Samper, a full-blooded Spaniard who had the Latin understanding of the needs of the male of the species, had fortunately arranged a reception for the Americans.

For three days these miners enjoyed a sex and booze orgy seldom witnessed anywhere. And this third day of July was the last round of the celebration. Walker and Don Riguel had completed their plans for taking over Nicaragua. They would first attack the town of Rivas, the stronghold protecting Managua, the capital.

Late that afternoon, an American bugler let out a blast on his horn which brought the festivities to an end. William Walker walked out of the brick building and into the square. He looked small and insignificant compared to his bearded giants, yet there was a dynamic quality to his stride and manner, a look from his gray eyes that had its effect on every one of his soldiers.

"You've had three days of wenching and whiskey," he said. "Tomorrow we leave to do some fighting. Sober up and be ready at dawn. After the fight, you'll have more wenches and liquor."

His words were greeted with hurrahs. The women disappeared and the soldiers retired to get some sleep. At dawn they marched out of Realejo. It is probably more correct to say they straggled out of that town. There was no military formation. They were bleary-eyed and still showed signs of their three-day drunken sex orgy.

All wore the heavy leather boots, the corded trousers and the blue flannel shirts of the mining profession. Each had two heavy revolvers stuffed in his belt with a Bowie knife. Some carried muskets, but most of their fighting would be done with revolvers and Bowie knives.

The native army of 1,200 provided by Don Riguel Samper was even less impressive looking. These soldiers wore dirty cotton trousers and wide-brimmed straw hats. A few had muskets. Others were carrying only machetes. All were barefooted. None had any remote idea of a military formation. They marched in straggly lines, dragging their few muskets behind them.

The plan of attack on Rivas was
(Continued on page 88)

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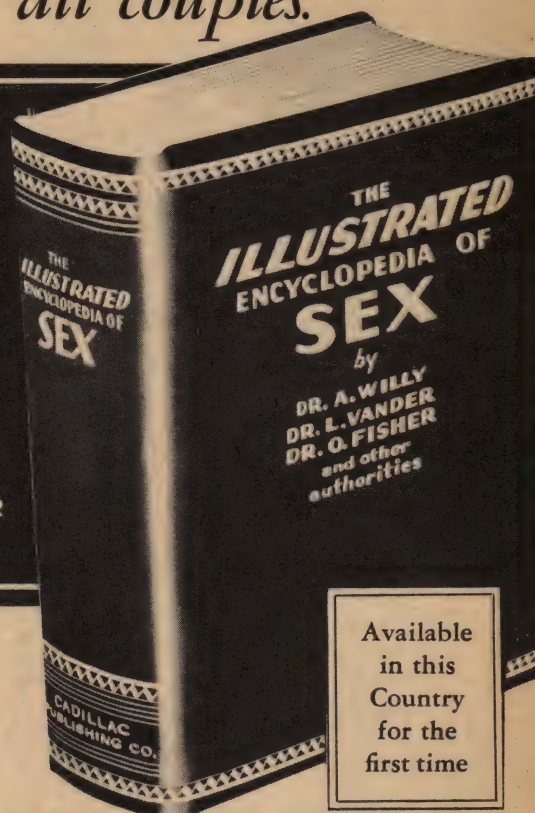
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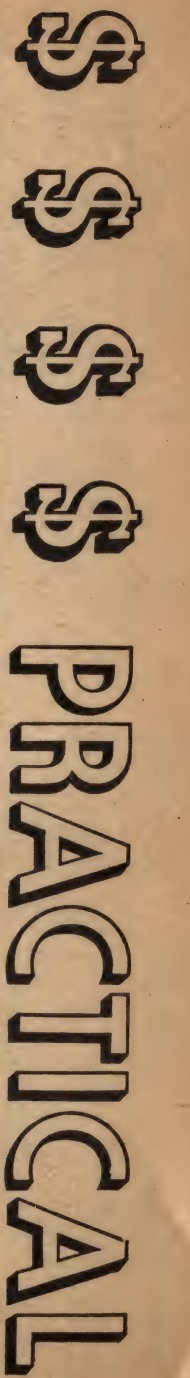
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On the morning of July 12th, with dawn breaking, Walker and his 58 ruffians crouched low at the rear of the town of Rivas, waiting for the sound of the first volley from Don Riguel's army. It came 20 minutes later. Walker and his men leaped to their feet and charged into Rivas.

But something happened to their well-laid plan. When the native army found the government soldiers up and ready for them, they threw down their arms and fled back into the jungle. Walker and his 58 men were in the middle of 2,500 Federals, fighting at odds of around 50 to one.

They gave a good account of themselves, killed hundreds of the government troops and finally extracted themselves from the trap with the loss of 15. Don Riguel Samper had died trying to rally his retreating troops.

Walker and his 43 men got back to Realejo, one way or another. This time there was no reception awaiting them. The native population of Realejo shunned this army of "liberation" because no one was liberated and at any moment the government troops might appear in pursuit.

William Walker learned at the battle of Rivas what all soldiers of fortune in Central America have been forced to accept: Never depend on native troops. Walker's situation was completely hopeless. The *Vestia* had sailed back for San Francisco and even if Walker and his men wanted to escape there were no means available.

The 10,000 Federal troops were not the greatest soldiers in the world, but they were good enough so that the odds made any hope of Walker defeating them a fantastic dream.

"Sure, we stay," Mike Maloney, his top sarge bellowed. "Anytime we can't whip these damned greasers, we'd better start wearing diapers."

"We can whip them," Walker answered, "but we have to have them come to us and I think I know where and how that can be done."

The one sore spot in Nicaragua was Commodore Vanderbilt's ferry system across Lake Nicaragua. The Commodore controlled the government of Nicaragua body and soul and they jumped at his bidding.

The road used by Commodore Vanderbilt's ferry coaches ran through several deep canyons near the Pacific Ocean at the western end of the route. This was the battleground picked by Walker and his small army. On July 30, 1856, one of Commodore Vanderbilt's coaches came thundering through the pass. Three rifles cracked in the morning air and the lead horses went down. Four bearded men came roaring out of their ambush behind the rocks. The passengers and guards leaped out and fled on foot back to their ferry landing. The next day when the coach

came through with the guard augmented, huge boulders, rolled down from the cliffs, barred their way.

As William Walker expected, the howl of rage from Commodore Vanderbilt in New York could be heard in Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. Government troops were rushed to the canyon. Walker and his men, perched high on the rocky cliffs, were ready for them, knocking them off like sitting ducks.

More soldiers were sent. They, too, retreated in face of Walker's sharp-shooting snipers. Commodore Vanderbilt yelled louder and an army of 4,000 troopers were dispatched to depose the bandits, leaving less than a thousand troops to protect the capital.

Only two of Walker's army were in the canyon to meet these 4,000 Federals. With these two, Phil Leary and Carl Kaufman, were a few natives recruited because they were known to be bandits. These few natives were hidden behind rocks far above the government horde and took great relish in potting the Federals.

A few volleys caused the Nicaraguan troops to break ranks and race for shelter. That night their officers planned large and extensive infiltration movements which would take several days. This is exactly what Walker expected them to do.

The next morning the gray silver light broke weakly through the eastern sky over the city of Managua. Slithering shafts of pale gray fell across the front of the brick capitol on the west side of the town square. The capital was constructed like a fort, with an embankment with turrets from which stuck the ends of Spanish brass cannon. Next to the capitol and on the plaza were other government buildings. In the center of the square sentries marched back and forth in front of sentry boxes. Off the plaza were the barracks for the troops.

Shadows moved through the mists of that early dawn, large bearded men who ran with bodies bending almost to the ground. A sentry near the capitol got to the end of his beat, turned around to retrace his steps. His body slumped forward and he was yanked out of sight, a Bowie knife in his back. All this took place in an instant and without a sound as 11 of Walker's men took over the battery in the turrets. The balance of his men, 30 in all, were moving toward the barracks, carrying large round objects.

The shafts of dawn grew wider and the east turned ashen. A major came out of the capitol carrying a flag. He walked for the pole in the center of the plaza, got to it and was unfurling the banner of Nicaragua.

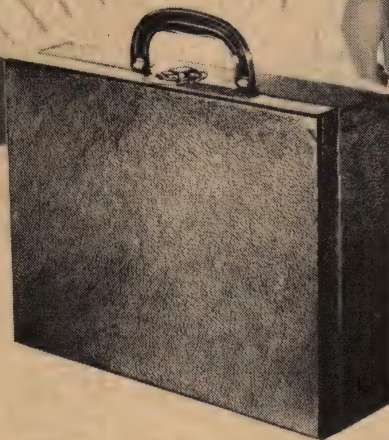
Then it came. A roaring explosion at the east wall of the barracks. Two barrels of gun powder blew up together, tearing out a part of the barracks wall. And before the rumbling of the explosion died away, and while the gun smoke hung heavy over the broken walls, 30 of Walker's men leaped up from the ground and with ear-splitting

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yells, dashed through the breach in the wall. Then the bark of their six-guns drowned out their bloodthirsty cries.

The charge sent the Federals running through all doors, one naked and many only half-dressed. These soldiers didn't stop running at the plaza, but disappeared into the jungles which bordered the city. Walker was leading his men to the square. A company of Federals, all dressed and armed, with officers leading them came running from the south end of the plaza.

"Let 'em have it," Walker yelled to his troops.

Their guns exploded. Soldiers stumbled and fell on their faces. The others behind kept coming on. Walker shouted to his men, "To the capitol building!"

His 30 soldiers whirled around and started across the plaza. A volley from the muskets of the government soldiers drove the retreating men down on their bellies. From this prone position they fired. The oncoming Federals hesitated. Walker and his men were on their feet, racing for the front of the capitol and the turreted embankment.

"On your bellies," Walker ordered.

Down he and his men went again. The Nicaraguans were only 20 yards away, coming at the 30 prone Americans. Then the brass cannon in the turrets roared, sending grape shot through the ranks of the soldiers. When the smoke cleared away, Walker's men peered through the turret slits at the bodies of the Federals strewn over the square. Those who survived were running frantically for the jungle.

But the battle wasn't over. From the other end of the city came a third company of Federals. Walker and his men remained on their bellies while the cannons were reloaded. Again the cannon erupted and grape shot cut gaping holes in the ranks of the government troops. Walker and his infantry were up, charging those who still lived, using six-guns and Bowie knives. For 15 minutes the struggle continued with each ex-miner fighting two and three natives, hurling bodies aside, knifing others and using their pistols on the rest.

During this bloody struggle, President Turillo, his cabinet, the legislature, and a good part of the population of Managua fled. The battle was over. Walker's Americans were too much for the remaining Federals, and they followed their compatriots into the forests.

Nothing succeeds in Central American revolutions like victory. This all may be transitory, and usually is, but before night fell remnants of the Federal army had filtered back into Managua to swear eternal and undying allegiance to the new conqueror of Nicaragua. The officers of the 4,000 government troops fighting the raiders of Commodore Vanderbilt's coaches accepted the change in administration without question. Walker appointed Angelo Samper, cousin of the ill-fated Don Riguel, as provisional president until an election could be held.

Thus with 43 Americans did William Walker take over the government of Nicaragua.

What happened to his grandiose plan to build the great canal from Atlantic to Pacific? Walker quickly learned that conquering a country with 43 men was only one of the odds facing him. Into the picture stepped another force far greater than even Commodore Vanderbilt.

This was imperial England, who had holdings in Honduras and didn't like the idea of an American running loose in Nicaragua. Great Britain and Commodore Vanderbilt joined hands. With their might and power, they persuaded Costa Rica, Honduras and Guatemala to declare war on Nicaragua.

They didn't figure on the brilliance and military genius of Walker. Over night he and his army became famous in all parts of the United States. Newspaper readers demanded all they could get on this amazing character. His army was called, "The American Phalanx." Hundreds went to Nicaragua to enlist. In a short time Walker's legion of white men numbered 2,000. With these 2,000 he had little trouble defeating the combined armies of Costa Rica, Honduras and Guatemala.

An election was held. There were four candidates. William Walker was the successful one. His first act was to examine the records of Commodore Vanderbilt's concession. He found that the old Commodore had swindled Nicaragua out of \$4,000,000. On these grounds, he declared the concession null and void.

This sent Commodore Vanderbilt to Washington like a raging bull. He demanded that the Secretary of State send the United States Navy to Nicaragua to throw this upstart out of office. The Secretary of State obliged by ordering the frigate *St. Mary* commanded by Captain C. H. Davis, to Nicaragua for that purpose.

Walker agreed to receive Captain Davis, who suggested to Walker that he return to the United States and talk with President Buchanan. Walker needed experts and money to develop Nicaragua, so he agreed to the suggestion.

The *St. Mary* landed at New Orleans on May 22, 1857. The news of Walker's arrival had preceded him. A huge crowd was at the dock to greet him, and he was carried off the ship on the shoulders of four strong men. From then on his advance to New York was a triumphant procession. In New York City the crowds jammed the streets so thickly that Walker couldn't get through. When he went to the Opera, the audience and the cast gave him a ten-minute ovation.

In Washington, the House and Senate tendered him the rare invitation to address them in joint session. President Buchanan, sensing his popularity, gave him a two-hour audience and agreed to aid him in his plans for an Atlantic-Pacific canal.

The popularity and success of Walker's visit sent Commodore Vanderbilt

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Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

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Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50" to increase their pep and energy.

Dr. De Pomade, 80-year-old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

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Smoothee Co., Dept. PH 61 Lynbrook, N.Y.

into another of his towering rages. He hired detective agencies to spread atrocity stories and other vile slander about Walker.

All this fell on deaf ears. But another event was happening that was to aid Commodore Vanderbilt. The clouds of civil war were beginning to gather. Walker was an out-and-out Southerner in his sympathies. He conceived that the canal in control of the South would be a great boon. Walker was not too tactful about it and was in constant conference with leaders of the South.

So when he sailed on the *Taylor* for Nicaragua in 1859, not only did English warships blockade the Nicaraguan coast, but there were United States warships standing off shore. Walker planned to land on a remote beach off Honduras and proceed overland to Nicaragua.

Where the power of Commodore Vanderbilt and imperial Britain had

been helpless against this amazing character, nature stepped in to do its grim work. The *Taylor* was shipwrecked off the coast of Honduras. Walker and his men got to a small island. The *Icarus*, an English frigate, commanded by Captain Norvell Salmon, sighted the men on the island.

Capt. Salmon wasn't bothered about the details of international law. England was not at war with Nicaragua and he had no right to take Walker prisoner. But there was a price on Walker's head in Honduras, so Capt. Salmon turned Walker over to the police in Truxilio, Honduras. His men and crew of the *Taylor* were sent back to the United States.

The Honduras police wasted no time marching Walker in front of a firing squad. He died with five bullets through his heart and chest. They buried him in the sands of the beach. The tide washed his body out to sea, never to be found. **END**

TARGET- MEN!

(Continued from page 35)

local newscaster who'd been following a pathetic suicide case fairly closely.

"The girl was only 20," he told us. "She'd been dragged into one of these fake-fatherhood rings. She was afraid the cops were going to nab her and she took an overdose of sleeping pills. Poor kid was a dope. She couldn't be touched by the cops! The racket's foolproof!"

It is. In essence, it's simply a new variation on an old shakedown gag. A married man, sometimes a salesman on the road or a guy who's just looking for a little fun, gets picked up by a good-looking dame at a bar. Pretty soon the twosome are enjoying themselves like a couple of long lost friends. The gal is a shrewd article; she lets the guy feel like he's a regular Don Juan—that he's swept her off her feet and he is the one and only man in her life. After a couple of dates, well, one thing leads to another—and sooner or later he takes the initiative and leads her to a hotel room. This happens a few times. Then, the girl yanks the string on the trap.

She gets an urgent message to her erstwhile boy friend. She's got to see him—as soon as possible.

"I—I need an operation," she wails when he meets her. The dope's guilty conscience takes care of the rest. Scared witless at the thought of what will happen if his shenanigans come to light, he's grateful when the dame tells him all she wants is enough money to pay for the operation.

The mark scrapes up the dough, somehow. Sometimes, he's even permitted to go along to the doctor's

office and wait in the anteroom while "the operation" is performed. He figures it's an abortion. Only it ain't, brother. The dame is inside, getting a shot of something that'll make her look pale and act weak when she comes out.

The doc? He's either a phoney or an unethical practitioner who knows he's safe. No sucker dares report him or make a complaint. The scandal would be too much, even if the law didn't nail the sucker as well as the racketeers for attempting to solicit an illegal operation!

"The girls take the patsies for whatever the traffic will bear," we were told. "Some guys get away for \$200 or so. Others are nipped for a grand or even more." The sawbones, of course, gets half.

LEARN TO DANCE! BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!

That's what the advertisements in the newspapers say. They practically guarantee that the girls (or boys) will mob you after you take one lesson at the Knock-Kneed Studios of Dance Instruction.

Most of these schools are legit. But an awful lot of crooked operators have entered the field—and it's difficult to separate the sheep from the fleecers.

The fly-by-night outfits—and there's at least one in any town—provide a two-way outlet for sexual repression. At a price, of course.

John Q. Wallflower signs up for a course of lessons. He wants to learn the rhumba and samba and maybe even a close-coupled waltz. Chances are he does—but he's offered a lot of tempting extras.

"Umm—how about some *private* lessons, sweetheart?" his curvaceous instructor murmurs in his ear. "There are some—uh, steps—that I'd love to teach you, all by myself."

If the John falls—and a lot of 'em

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does away with all special diets!**

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YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU \$14.00!

Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it—there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription—until this electrifying discovery... has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors... when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news... news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking... slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably—chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work... it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you \$14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back—you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drugs, tried chewing gums, ate candies,

vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE... that's why the United States Government released it as safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you \$14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days... 18 pounds in 20 days... 27 pounds in 30 days... and 49 pounds in 8 weeks... or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer—read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose 49 POUNDS in 8 weeks or we'll pay you \$14.00	You must lose 27 POUNDS in 30 days or we'll pay you \$7.00
You must lose 18 POUNDS in 20 days or we'll pay you \$5.00	You must lose 9 POUNDS in 10 days or we'll pay you \$3.00

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for \$3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for \$5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for \$7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for \$14.00. Did you ever read an offer

The only reducing product where you see these words on the label!

"FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"

The law doesn't permit any other type of reducing product to print this on the label. Any government agent can tell you why. Because other types of reducing products just don't work. Unlike these other products, the miracle drug contained in RX-120 is a real medicine, a tested formula—made exclusively "to reduce excess weight." It really works! You don't have to count calories, follow a dull plan, exercise, eat special foods, resort to iron will power. Take these tiny, tasteless pills as directed! You'll be amazed at how fast you really take off ugly fat! You may lose up to 49 pounds or we'll pay you \$14.00.



like this in your life? No—and you NEVER WILL — because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!

HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet—

- (1) It depresses your appetite.
- (2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
- (3) It acts in your intestinal tract—fights hunger contractions—telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
- (4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula—that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs—your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food... excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life—feel better than you ever did in your life—while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug—without a prescription!

HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's

as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits—practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake—off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight... without your ever being conscious of it!

GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE
IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary

dietary supplement—it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients!... according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription... but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1958. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—if you act now! So hurry—order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you \$5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get \$7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you \$14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

Fill out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want or to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds—merely send us proof of purchases. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for \$14.00. Don't wait—check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money—your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!

©Wilson-Williams Inc.,
273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Avenue, Dept 307 Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Rush my RX-120 immediately. I must lose pounds guaranteed by you above or you will pay me the amount specified.

☐ Rush 10 day supply. I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

☐ Rush 20 day supply. I will pay postman only \$5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

☐ Rush 30 day supply. I will pay postman only \$7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, or ☐ money-order for \$3.00, \$5.00 or \$7.00 and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Same money back guarantee.

5 DRESSES For \$2⁷⁵

NOW READY! GORGEOUS, SMART,
MODERN STYLE DRESSES FOR ALL
OCCASIONS!



Now you can look smart and stylish with sensational low priced glamorous dresses that have been cleaned and pressed—in good condition for all occasions! A tremendous assortment of gorgeous one and two piece modern styles in all beautiful colors—in a variety of luxurious fabrics of rayons, cottons, gabardines, woolsens, silks, etc. Expensive dresses—original value up to \$40!

FREE! 12 Different Sets of Button Cards! 5 to 8 matched buttons on each card. Worth a few dollars—but yours **FREE** with dress order.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COUPON!

GUILD MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. 511
(One of the oldest and largest mail order houses of its kind)
103 E. Broadway, New York 2, N. Y.

Rush my 5 assorted dresses in size circled below with Free Button Cards. Enclosed find \$1 deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage. Money returned if not completely satisfied. Canadian and foreign orders accepted.

Circle Size:
Girl's Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 are 5 for \$2.75
Junior Miss Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15 are 5 for \$3.75
Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 38, 40, 42, 44, 5 are 5 for \$3.75
Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½, 5 are 5 for \$3.75

Extra Large Sizes 46, 48, 50, 52 are 5 for \$4.75
☐ Check here to save C.O.D. fee. Send full amount with 25¢ postage.

☐ Please send **FREE CATALOG FOR FAMILY**

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

do according to police complaints—he's told the "fee" for a private lesson is ten, twenty or more bucks. He pays—and shows up at the instructress's apartment on the appointed day. At first, they dance. The room is warm, so he's asked to take off his coat and tie.

At this point, anything can happen—but it's certain that *something* does. At times, the doorbell rings at the crucial moment, and the lady teacher is saved from the nasty chore of delivering the goods. The boob, of course, is not off the hook. He'll be back—several times.

In another version, the old badger game is brushed off and given a new lease on life!

"My husband!" the dame croaks, trying to button up her blouse.

Maybe he's her husband, maybe not, but the beefy guy who pounds up the stairs is mad as hell. It costs the John a C-note or better to square the beef.

At times, both male and female dance teachers actually deliver what they appear to promise—but the price is invariably high. Sometimes, the fun-payoff requires the purchase of a "prepaid" course of 24 lessons—at ten bucks per. On this, the teacher gets a 50% commission—fair pay for a half hour of "instruction."

With TV the national pastime and preoccupation, it's only natural that the sharpies find a sex-angle to the business. That they have—and most successfully—is proven by reports of the vast numbers of TV sets that seem to go out of order while hubby is away at the plant or office.

The ice-man used to make lonesome wives happy just for the sheer love of loving. At least, that's what one must conclude from all the stories. But it's a new—and mighty professional—breed of house-visiting repairman who's doing Daddy's homework while Daddy's away.

"Professional" is a perfect word. In Los Angeles, where there are more TV sets than even swimming pools and smog counts, business is *really* booming for the TV repair callboys!

Many West Coast TV fixit newspaper ads contain a code for lonely wives who unscrew the picture tube as an excuse to call a handsome repairman.

If some Los Angeles husbands are wondering why their television repair bills run so high—at least \$25 per call—this might be a much-needed tip-off. Better Business Bureau records in Idiotville are stuffed with confidential reports of TV swindles such as these.

No wonder Syl and I saw the following "Help Wanted" ad in one of the L.A. papers.

"Men—handsome, personable, wanted to make big money as daytime television repairmen." Why must a good TV repairman be 'handsome,' for instance? ...

Years ago, the classic "badger game" involved a guy, a dame who

took him up to her room, and a fake husband who broke in at the crucial moment and demanded a payoff from the half-dressed fall-guy. As we mentioned, this basic pattern is still being followed by the dance-hall sex racketeers.

But an ingenious ring operating out of Chicago with branch "offices" in Denver, L.A., San Francisco and most other cities with a big floating population, has renovated this swindle. The straight badger shakedown doesn't work too often, anymore! Far too many men have been put wise by newspaper and magazine exposés of the racket.

However, a new cast and a new approach serve to throw the predatory John completely off balance.

The "Mother Badger" angle is new—and fiendishly effective. It works this way! Tom, the fun-loving salesman, is out on the town. He eases into a bar, orders a drink and starts eyeing the talent. He spots a cute chick hanging lonesome and blue at the end of the mahogany.

"Stood up?" he asks. She nods. "Me too," he grins, stoking up the boiler. "Drink?" Another nod.

"Gee," she twitters a little later, "You're cute."

"Gee," he echoes. "You are too."

Four-five highballs later, they're floating out of the joint, arm-in-arm.

"My hotel?" Tom, the drummer boy, wheezes.

"Oh, no! I'd be scared. Let's go to my house—my folks are away for the week . . ."

Tom, by now completely without a conscience, pants agreement. The house—neat vine-covered cottage that it is—is reached easily. The door is unlocked, the eager couple slip inside, the lights go on—then off.

"Oh, Tom!"

"Oh, baby!"

"Oh, you fiend!" This last screech comes from the door leading to one of the other rooms.

"Mother! I didn't know you were home!"

"I'll call the police! She's only 17!"

"But—but, lady!"

This utterly stupid, staccato exchange of exclamations continues until Tom, the now drooping drummer, wises up and shells out, and does a fast fade into the night.

We talked to three salesmen who'd been taken in this manner. Between the three of them, the cost was well over \$1,100!

A San Francisco vice squad detective estimated the game's pulled at least a dozen times a night in Market Street joints. It's tough to bust the racket, he says. In most cases, the girls are actually under age. The "mother-daughter" team *might* be handed a rap for the shakedown. But the sucker would still be liable for fooling with "jail-bait!" . . .

If we were fed up by the time we nailed down these four sex rackets, we were really sick to our stomachs



AMERICA IS SHORT
100,000 MECHANICS
AND 25,000 SHOPS

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BIG FUTURE

BIG PAY

A Better Way to Learn Auto Mechanics at Home

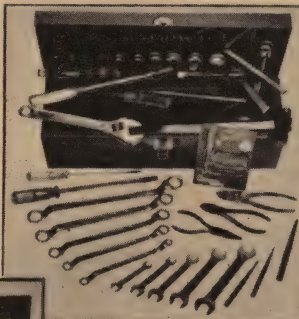
CTI home training was developed and proved *in the shop*. You learn to be an all-around mechanic. You get complete instruction in tune-up and overhaul; electric, cooling and lubricating systems; power steering; power brakes; automatic transmissions; etc. Every lesson is written in plain English; well illustrated; simple

to understand. It's almost like having an instructor at your side. You get theory in easy-to-digest form. That's why so many experienced mechanics become CTI students alongside beginners. CTI training is practical—it eliminates any need for apprenticeship. CTI is proud to make available "training you can trust."

You Get Tools and Engine Tune-Up Kit— You Learn by Practicing



As part of your training—and at no extra charge—you get an engine Tune-Up Kit (left). It includes a Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge & Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; and portable steel case. Mechanics use these accurate, quality instruments to locate engine troubles.



You also get a set of mechanic's tools, including socket set (right). You'll be proud to own and use these fine tools. They let you learn the best way of all—by *practicing*. You get *experience* as you train. You acquire skill and speed.

GO IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF. Thousands of shops are needed. Open an all-around shop or specialize in transmissions, radiators, brakes, etc. Specialist shops earn more. CTI's complete training gives you a good background to begin. Start small—grow big. You don't need a large investment.

- This is the home of CTI, one of the world's great home study institutions. CTI offers training you can trust—all the advantages of a seasoned, proved training program.

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CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS



DIESEL MECHANICS

or Body-Fender Rebuilding instruction is included at no added cost. Only CTI offers this *extra* choice.

Today is big with opportunity in the giant auto industry. Jobs for skilled men are plentiful; pay scales are high; the future is bright and secure. Over 60 million vehicles rumble on the highways—and *one-third* are in the heavy-repair class. No wonder a famous motor executive said that "America is short 100,000 auto mechanics." A noted trade magazine added that "America will be short 600,000 mechanics by 1967." And if you are ambitious to own a business, you'll find that conditions are ripe to get started. It is reported that the nation needs 25,000 more repair shops. Be an auto mechanic. Let CTI train you at home in spare time. Find out *how* by mailing coupon. Act today.

Earn Cash Soon Working Spare Time

Students receive practical training that they can put to work early. Knowledge plus tools and testing instruments, which are included with instruction, make it possible for alert students to fix cars for profit. Some work on their own; others get part-time jobs in local shops. The extra cash pads your regular pay-check. It helps pay tuition, buy shop equipment.

Tear Out Coupon Before Turning Page!

Every man who needs a better job or more take-home pay should investigate his future in the solid, well-established auto industry. The opportunities are available *now*—not in some distant future or up in outer space. Send for the new CTI catalog.

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE

1400 GREENLEAF AVENUE
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

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Mail me your two opportunity booklets: *Make Big Money in Auto Mechanics*, and *Sample Lessons*. Both are FREE.

Name _____ Age _____

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Mail Now for 2 Free Books

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There's a Thrill
in Bringing a
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CRIME DETECTION

We have taught *thousands* this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. We can teach **YOU**, too . . . in your spare time, through inexpensive, step-by-step home study lessons! Start **NOW** preparing for a responsible, steady, well-paid position in scientific crime detection or investigation.

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The same opportunity is open to you. Just give us a chance—we'll train you for a good job in this fascinating work. It's neither expensive nor difficult to learn. Don't delay! Cash in on the constant need for finger print technicians and criminal investigators.

FREE! "BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

Packed with thrills! Reveals exciting, "behind the scenes" facts of actual criminal cases. Tells how scientific investigators solved them through the same methods you learn at I. A. S. Explains, too, how **YOU** can get started in this thrilling work at low cost! Don't wait—get your coupon in the mail **NOW**!

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Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and list of Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer.
No salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....RFD or Zone....

City.....State.....Age.....

when we ran into the fifth one. This, as it happened, was the rawest and dirtiest shakedown of the lot.

"Hey, guys, how about going to a stag party?" That's usually all the racket come-on artist need say in a bar or pool parlor crowded with married men out for a night with the boys.

The tout has a cab waiting outside. He runs a regular shuttle service from the joints to the roadhouse where the party's being held. It's a hell of a brawl. The layout has everything to delight the heart.

The admission price is low—but not so low as to make any of the clay-pigeons suspicious. The drinks are good and the M.C., who keeps things going until the dump fills up, is just raw enough to be very, very funny.

The minute the SRO sign is hung outside, the show really starts rolling in low—extremely low—gear. The strippers come out. They start to strip—and they don't stop until they've chipped the paint right off the keel.

"Jeeze! This is great!" the guys in the audience tell each other. "It's funny, though, this place was empty—for rent a couple of weeks ago. I didn't even know it was open . . ."

"Who cares?" another boob interrupts. "Look at that blonde!"

The lads look. The more they look, the more they find there's plenty of highly mobile scenery to be watched. They groan when the strippers duck behind the curtain and clap like mad for more.

"It's only the beginning!" the sweating M.C. yells into the mike. "This is like a circus fellas," he leers. "Get it?"

Six acts and nine obscenes later, the guys not only get it, they're climbing the walls. At this point, the master of ceremonies drops the clincher.

"Anybody want to join in the fun?" he inquires hoarsely.

Almost everybody does. The rest is easy to imagine—except that none of the Johns spot the one-way mirror or hear the camera-shutters click.

The gang that rented the dump moves out the following morning and the "For Rent" sign goes up once more. But that's not the last the members of the audience hear about the night's festivities. Uh-uh.

Pockets were picked and billfold identifications checked while the patrons were occupied with their various pursuits. In some cases, the dames got the information from the rabid Romeos by the simple method of just asking.

In any event, the Johns begin getting phone calls—and visits from characters who describe themselves as "photo salesmen."

"G'wan! Beat it!" the sucker roars. "I don't want any photographs!"

"Now, now, buddy," the 'salesman' murmurs soothingly. "I think you'll want to see these. Or, maybe you wouldn't at that. Maybe your wife or boss would rather buy a set of glossy prints for their albums . . .!"

If the sucker is really lucky, the peddler will only come around once,

shake him down for a huge payoff—and leave him alone after that. If he's not the lucky kind, the visits go on and on and on—at plenty per set of prints!

A manufacturer was taken for \$5,000, a Cincinnati private eye told us. "Then he called our agency in on the deal. We managed to get the negatives—don't ask me how. I won't tell you. When we grabbed the film, we found a completely cross-indexed file of over 1,800 negatives. You can imagine what the gang's take must have been in Cincinnati alone . . .!"

A similar private detective operation in Boston netted 3,000 negatives, we were informed by New England authorities. Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Love, ordered a police crackdown on known stag party photoblackmailers.

"The results were staggering," a Philly reporter confided. "There were candid poses of some of the area's most prominent men in the collection. One advertising executive actually wept in gratitude when he was told his negatives had been among the ones taken—and destroyed. He'd paid almost ten grand to keep them out of circulation in the previous year . . .!"

These aren't the only sex-rackets that are costing U. S. men millions directly or indirectly each year. Not by a long shot. There are plenty of others. But we think they're the most vicious. Why? Because they're either almost completely foolproof—outwardly so innocent as to defy detection until it's too late—or abysmally cruel and merciless.

Can the rackets be stopped? Probably not. Certainly not entirely. There are too many men on the prowl and a pretty jane can make the average guy's common sense sail out the window with a suggestive word or even a smile.

There's only one way to stay out of trouble—and that's by staying away from it in the first place. But suppose—just suppose, now—that an attractive redhead sits next to you in Joe's Bar.

Still supposing, try and think what you'd do if she leaned over, let her blouse flop way open, and said: "Handsome, I've been stood up. How about buying me a drink. We can go up to my place later . . ."

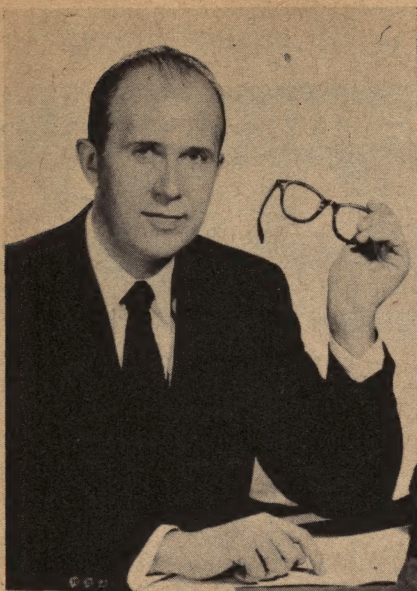
Brother, if you're alone, the chances are six-two-and-even that you won't do what you should. Nah. You're not going to swivel around on your stool and tell her to run along before you call a cop.

It's like my wife said when we got back to New York and started going over our notes. She stared at me with distaste and shook her head.

"Barnum was right," she grunted. "There's a sucker born every minute—and you men are the biggest . . ."

"I'll buy that," I snapped back, losing my pointed head in the heat of the moment. "I married you, didn't I?"

It was her turn not to say a thing. She didn't speak to me for three days after that one . . . **END**



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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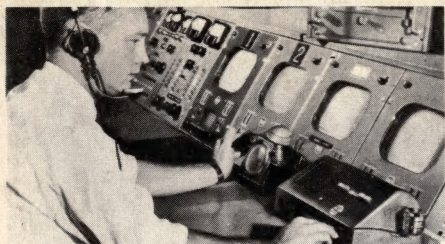
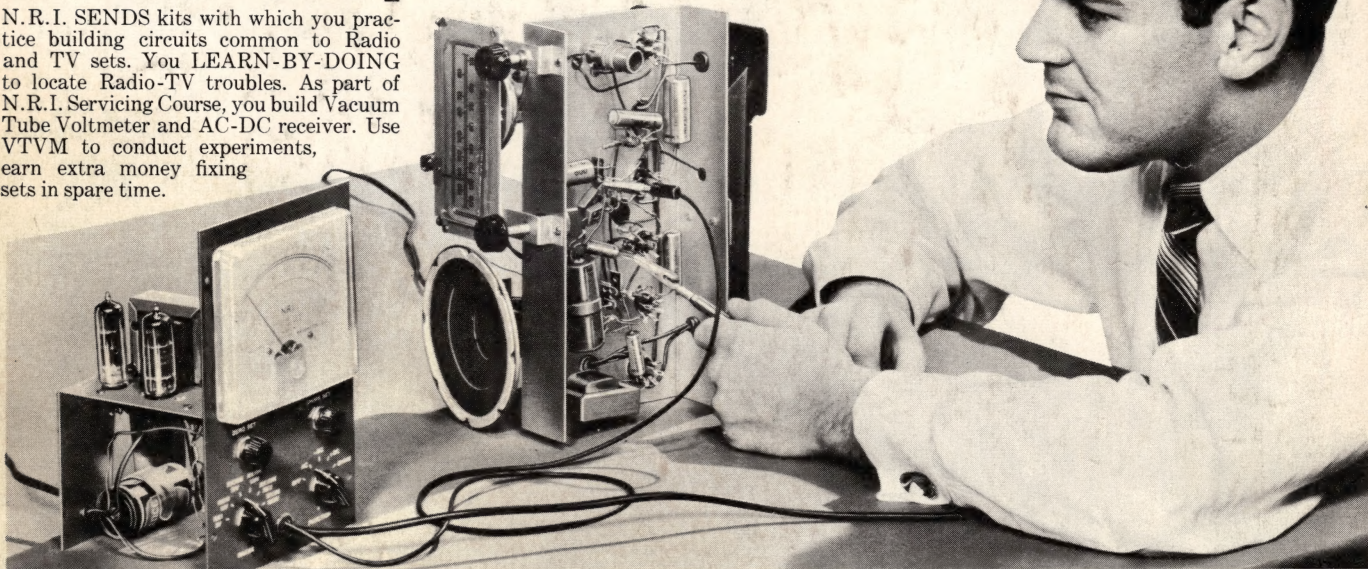
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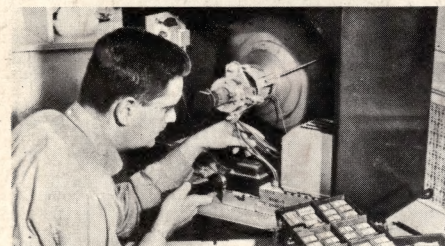
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